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WRITTEN IN A WARM DAY NEAR THE CLOSE OF WINTER.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

How soft this southern gale! Its freshness falls
Upon my forehead like the light, warm touch
Of the dew-lips of Spring-time. It has been
In the far clime of blossoms, and it bears
A message of affection to our woods,
And vales, and streams. Spring, with her rose-air breath,
Is coming now upon her rainbow wing
To waken the green earth to life and joy,
And the free air to music. She will weave
Her violet throne upon a thin, white cloud
Soft floating in the middle-air, and call
Upon her thousand votaries to hail
Her coming with a song and smile. The waves
Will shout from rock and mountain, the blue lakes
Will tremble like the plumage of a dove
In the new gush of sun-light, and the birds
Will breathe their loves in music, and float off
A shower of blossoms in the atmosphere
The young, gray leaves will weave their twilight hues
In grove and forest; 'mid yon budding isles
The sea will sleep like a Circassian bride
Decked with her richest jewelry; the sky
Will take a bluer tint, and seem to arch
More high and pure and beautiful above,
As if to let the spirit go abroad
In ampler journeyings; and a deep spell
Of life and bliss will, like a blessing, rest
Upon the waking heart, and bid it float
Like a young flower upon the buoyant wave
Of beautiful imaginings of Heaven.

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ROSALIND HUBERT;

OR,

THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ADDER.

It was very warm and pleasant in the spring afternoon, and Aaron King had taken his hoe, and gone into the field. In the tidy kitchen of the farm-house there were also busy hands at work. The good wife—a tall, fair, bustling woman, of five-and-forty, or thereabouts—was putting a rich curd into the cheese-press. Lucy and Betsy, her eldest daughters—buxom maidens of nineteen and seventeen—were washing the dinner dishes, singing an old love song while they worked.

"See," whispered Betsy, poking her sister with her elbow, "how thoughtful dear Rosa looks."

"It's our song," returned Lucy, in the same low tone.

"Don't you like to hear love songs, Rosa, dear?" Betsy asked, turning from her work, and gazing upon the person thus addressed.

"Yes, I like to hear you sing anything, Betsy; you sing so sweetly."

"There—that'll do," cried Betsy King, turning again to her work. "I won't sing any more."

"But I mean what I say, good Betsy. I do love to hear you sing."

"Oh, Rosa, how can you talk so? How can you, who sing better than all the pretty birds in the world, praise me?"

"Now you are turning upon me, Betsy."

"But with your own weapons, Rosa—only I am in earnest."

"And so was I in earnest."

"Come," interrupted Mrs. King, with a smile, "stop your disputing, and all sing together. Now—I'll lead off."

And the good wife commenced a simple song, in which her two daughters joined; but Rosalind Hubert remained silent. She swept the last particle of dirt from the white floor, and having hung her broom up in the entry, she took her knitting and sat down by the window. She was a pretty girl—very pretty; with large, blue eyes; fair, brown hair; a clear, pure skin; and features of more than ordinary loveliness. She was slight in frame, and though only seventeen, yet she had a more mature, womanly look than did Lucy King, who was two years older. This was not really a look of age, but rather of development of thought and feeling. The farmer's people all loved Rosalind; and even when visitors spoke of her gentleness and beauty, the mother and her two daughters were not jealous.

"Dear Rosa, what makes you so sad?" urged Betsy, taking a seat by the orphan's side, after the dishes were all put away.

"I am not sad," the maiden returned.

"But you are very thoughtful."

"And yet I could not tell my thoughts, Betsy."

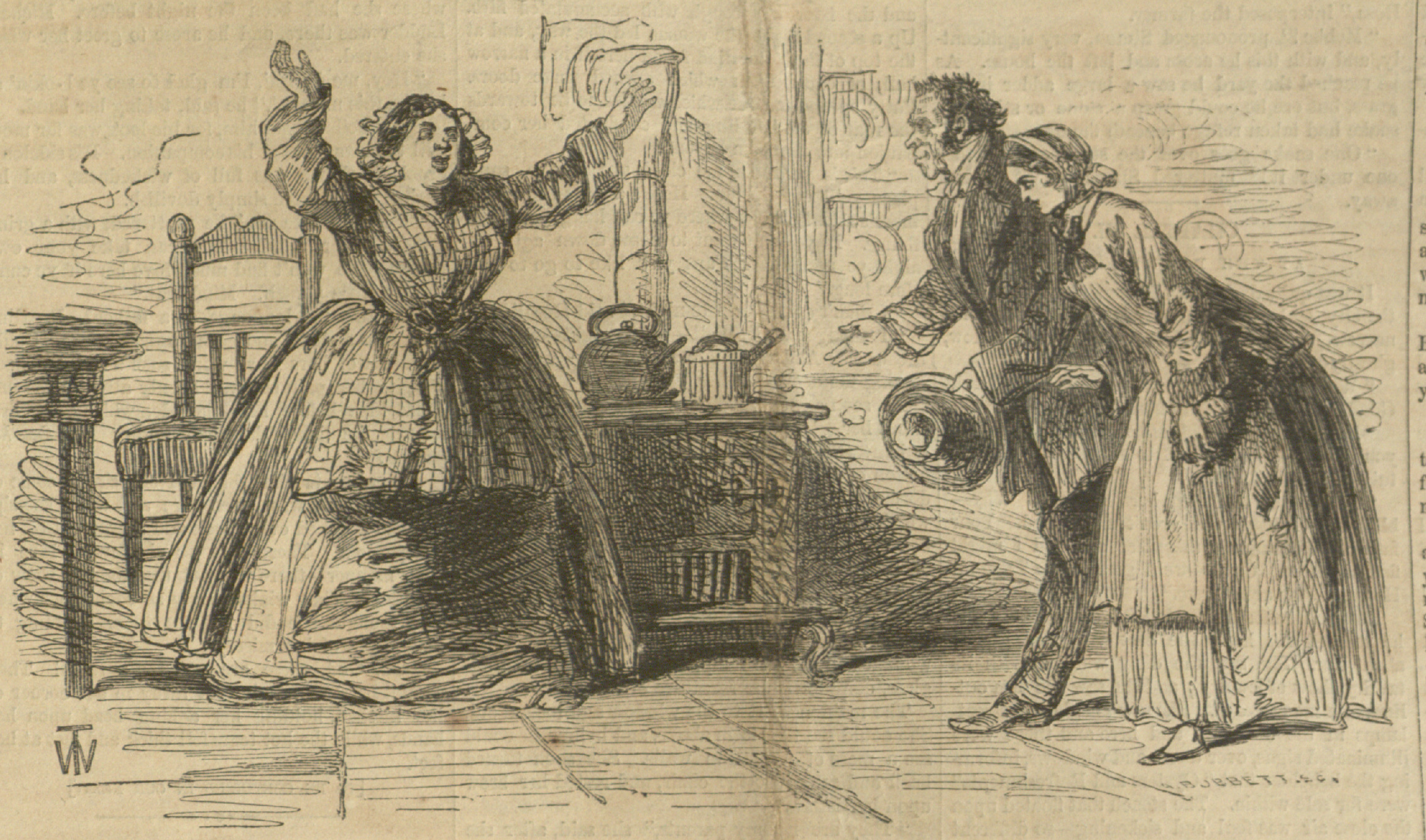
"I never had thoughts that I couldn't tell. I am always happy."

"You have a kind father and mother, and loving sisters, and little laughing brothers," said Rosalind, with emotion.

"And so have you," Betsy cried, throwing her arms about Rosa's neck. "Ain't my father and mother your father and mother? And ain't I, and Lucy, and Martha your sisters? Don't we love you dearly? Don't we know that we should all be very unhappy if you should be taken away from us? Now be happy—— Don't, Rosa—don't. You mustn't cry so."

Rosalind had pillowed her head upon the bosom of the affectionate girl, and was weeping freely.

"Come, now," pursued Betsy, in soothing tones, "it's that ugly dream that makes you cry so. I wouldn't think of it. Pooh! what an idea—to be afraid of a dream! Do you suppose father 'd let any wicked man take you away? You know he wouldn't."



ROSALIND'S INTRODUCTION TO HER "IMPATIENT MOTHER."

"It wasn't the dream—not altogether the dream," murmured Rosalind.

"Then what is it?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"Ah—I can guess!" cried Betsy, lifting Rosa's head up, and gazing half roguishly into her swimming eyes: "It's LOVE!"

"Betsy!"

It was her mother's call, and she ran to see what was wanted. As soon as she was gone, Rosa threw a light scarf over her head, and slipped out of doors, and away into the pasture.

"I declare, if here isn't Albert Varrondale?" cried Betsy, clapping her hands.

Mrs. King and Lucy both hastened to the window, and were just in time to see the young man enter at the front door. The mother and her two daughters welcomed the new-comer as though he had been one of the family, and were soon plying him with questions.

Albert Varrondale was the son of an old clergyman in the village, and had just graduated at Harvard University. He was two-and-twenty years of age; with a fine, well-developed head, and features strongly marked by intelligence and deep humane feeling. His frame, though not large, was firmly knit, and had been developed in health and strength by hard work in early youth, and by hard exercise in latter years. He told his friends all about his last days at college, and how he had left his old mates at Cambridge; and then he asked—

"Where is Rosa?"

"Off in the pasture. She don't——"

Betsy caught an admonishing look from her mother's eye, and stopped.

"You will excuse me if I go and look for her," Albert said, and he arose, and took his hat.

"Of course. We all understand that, Mr. Varrondale," laughingly replied Lucy.

"And," added Betsy, turning her head so that there could be no possibility of meeting her mother's gaze this time, "I wish you'd try to make her understand that dreams are all nonsense."

"Why—has she been having bad dreams?"

"She'll tell you."

"*Betsy!*"

"Ma'am?"

But that was all Mrs. King had to say.

Albert left the house and took his way up the little cow-path that led to the wood at the top of the hill. He knew that here was Rosalind's favorite walk, and he was not disappointed in his calculations, for he had just reached the edge of the wood when he met the maiden coming out.

"Dear Rosa," he said.

"Albert." She rested her hands in his, and looked up into his face.

"I am glad I met you here, Rosa, for I have something to say to you. I have done with Harvard."

"You have graduated, Albert?"

"Yes, Rosa; and I may tell you what I would tell nobody else save my parents. I graduated with the highest honors ever conferred upon any student. I felt happy and proud, because I knew it would please those who loved me."

He gazed intently into Rosa's face as he spoke, but she cast her eyes upon the ground, and trembled violently.

"Does it not please you, Rosa?"

"Oh, yes! On all the earth, Albert, you shall never find one whose heart will be made more glad by your success than will mine."

"Bless you—bless you, dearest! How happy it makes me to hear you say so; and how much ambition it gives me for the future!"

Rosalind trembled more violently than before.

"I am coming upon the subject, Rosa," the young man continued, in a low, earnest tone. "I have waited for this moment. I have waited for it through hours of toil and study—borne on by the hope that my honors would make me more worthy of the being I loved. You know what I would say."

There was no reply

"Let us walk in the old path, Rosa—beneath the old trees where we played long years ago. Does it not seem familiar here?"

"Yes—yes."

"And a spirit of Peace and of Love dwells here, too, dear Rosa."

There was a short pause, and then the youth resumed, with a slight tremulousness in his tone—

"I sought you to-day because I wished to tell you how I loved you—— Why do you drop my arm thus, Rosa?"

The maiden pressed her hand upon her heart, and it was some moments ere she spoke. When she looked up her face was calm but very pale. She took the proffered arm again, and they walked on.

"I would tell you how I love you, Rosa; and I would ask you to be my wife. I have sought you for that especial purpose. I know you love me. Is it not so?"

"It is so, Albert; but you must ask me no more."

"No more? Ask you no more? What mean you? Must I not ask you to be my wife?"

"No, no, no! You must not—you will not!"

"But I have asked you; and I ask you again: Will you not be my wife?"

"Albert," she replied, stopping, and letting go his arm, "you know not what you ask."

"But I do know," cried the youth, in surprise; "and I ask it again, and again, with the same knowledge. Now tell me plainly what you mean. I have thought you loved me, Rosa."

"Oh! my soul! I have loved thee too well, Albert. Looking up from my lowly station I have loved thee because I knew no better. But what am I that I should wed with thee? You know me not. People think I am an orphan. Perhaps I am. But who were my parents? Where are they, and why did they forsake me? Who shall tell the stain that may rest upon my name. I am not an orphan, Albert."

"I have known that a long time, Rosa."

"You—you have known it?"

"Yes—I, and my father and mother. I know that your parents forsook you while you were an infant; I know that they were obliged to flee—at least, so the story goes;—and I know that your uncle brought you here and placed you with good Aaron King before you could even talk."

"You know—all this?" murmured Rosalind, looking up in wonder.

"Yes. And I know more. I know that all this troubled you, and made you at times unhappy. I see you wonder how I gained my knowledge; but it is all very simple. A year ago, when I was at home, Mr. King asked me if I loved you, and if I had a thought of ever making you my wife. I told him yes. Then he said I should know your whole history, as he and you knew it, and so go at work with my eyes open. And he told me all. I went home and told it to my father and mother; and my father said—I shall never forget his words,—'My son, prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' I asked him what he meant, and he answered,—'I have proved her well, and in all the world I know not another whom I would rather see by your side, as companion and wife, for the time to come.' I blessed my father, and from that day I loved wisely and well. Now, Rosa—answer me."

The weeping maiden gave her hands to Albert Varrondale, and her head sank upon his bosom.

"You will be my wife!" he cried, clasping his stout arms about her. "You will be mine!"

"'Twould break my heart to tell you no," she murmured.

"And 'twould make you happy to tell me yes. Oh! say so, Rosa—say so!"

"I will! I will!" she answered. "I will love you always, Albert. I will be true and faithful; I will cling to you with all the devotion of my undivided soul; I will give you my heart, with all its deep affection; and in the trials and sorrows which may come upon you I will bear you loving, prayerful company to the end!"

The sun was far down the western heavens when they emerged from the wood, and its golden beams fell upon two happy, joyous faces.

"Betsy told me something about a dream you had had. Was it a bad one, love?"

Rosalind shuddered at the mention of her dream, and instinctively clung more closely to the arm that supported her.

"It was a terrible dream, Albert; but it would not have affected me so had not a part of it come so strangely to pass."

"What was it? Tell me."

"Why—I dreamed that I had found my father. I thought he was an old man—a very old man—and that he loved me dearly; and I loved him, too. O—I did love him very much, and when he felt sure that I loved him he cried just as I cry sometimes. He said it was all false that my uncle had told me. He said he never forsook me, but left me in Uncle Thomas's care while he went away on business, and when he came back he could not find me. One evening I thought we walked down the hill together, and when we were part way down a man leaped out from under the bushes and killed my father. I raised my hand to stop the assassin's blows, and then awoke."

"But what of that, dearest?" urged the youth, who saw that Rosa was trembling.

"I should not have thought so much of that," she replied, "only for the strange thing which followed. It was on Saturday night I had this dream, and on Sunday morning I arose early, and strolled down the road to pick some blossoms. When partly down the hill I saw a primrose in the hedge, almost full-blown, and as I ran forward to pluck it I stumbled over something, which, in my eagerness I had not seen. It was a dead body!—the body of an old man! It was stark and cold, and I fled in terror."

"It was curious," said Albert; "but nothing very wonderful. I heard of the body's being found by the side of the road. Of course you won't let it trouble you any more."

"No, Albert—not if I can help it."

"And there was nothing on the body—no papers or anything by which they could find out who he was."

"No—nothing. His pockets were empty, and none of his clothing was marked. Poor old man! Perhaps he was on his way to see some friend—perhaps to see his own child!"

"And perhaps he had no friend at all on earth," said Albert.

"Then he'll find them where he's gone now," Rosalind added, hopefully.

"Yes,—where the weary are at rest! What a blessed thing our faith in God and His truth is, Rosa."

"What would life be worth without it?" replied the fair girl, with devout emotion.

Albert was upon the point of replying when he saw a horse and wagon standing in the door-yard.

"Ah—you have visitors," he said.

Rosalind could not yet see into the yard over the intervening wall; but she was soon able to do so

"It looks like a city team," the youth added.

Rosalind shuddered.

"It may be your uncle," he continued. "You are not afraid of him, are you?"

"I do not like him, Albert," the girl replied, with a strong coloring of fear in her tone, and in her face. "I do not think he is a good man."

"Never mind. He has only come to see how you get along," said the youth, cheerfully.

After they had crossed the stile, and entered the yard, Rosalind saw Thomas Gondam sitting by the window. She felt a chill at her heart, and a fearful shudder crept over her frame.

"Ah! See there! Wait!"

Rosalind turned as her companion thus spoke, and saw him striking at something on the ground with his walking-stick. It was a snake. But Albert could not kill it. The reptile glided through the matted knot-grass, and disappeared beneath the door-stone.

"That was an adder—a venomous one," said Albert, as they passed into the house.

CHAPTER V.

GONE!

Albert Varrondale concluded not to go into the sitting-room on the present occasion, so he took an affectionate leave of Rosalind in the entry, and when he had gone the maiden entered the apartment where Gondam and the family sat.

"Oh! Rosa—Rosa!—dear, dear Rosa!" cried Betsy, springing forward and throwing her arms about our heroine's neck, "they are going to take you away from us!"

"Betsy! Come here!"

The girl turned towards her mother, and reluctantly resumed her seat; while Rosalind, pale, frightened, and quaking, stood like one for the moment bereft of sense.

"My dear, dear Rosa," said Gondam, arising and taking the poor girl's hand, "I am glad to see you. You are looking remarkably well. But you must not be frightened at what Betsy has said. She don't understand it. She is too fast, dear Rosa. Come—sit down. I am very glad to see you."

Rosalind tried to speak, but she could not. The sudden tempest had not yet subsided in her soul. She gazed up into her relative's face, and she thought of the venomous adder that had crawled under the door-stone. It was strange that she should have thought of the reptile then, but she could not help it.

Gondam saw that the ice had been broken, and he must now explain, for the poor girl would be all suspense until he did so.

"I have been telling Mr. King of a very remarkable occurrence, Rosa," he commenced, in his most winning tone. "Now what do you suppose it is?"

Rosalind gazed first into the face of the speaker, and then she looked towards Mr. King, who sat in one corner. The farmer, who was a middle-aged, benevolent, noble-hearted man, seemed quite distressed, though he evidently sought to conceal it.

"I don't know, uncle," the maiden at length said, trying to calm her agitation.

"Then I must tell you, my dear niece. It's glorious news—glorious. Now don't let the joy overcome you. Your father and mother have both returned!"

A dizziness overcame the girl, and she would have reeled from her seat had not Gondam caught her by the waist.

"Why—Rosa, does it affect you so? Are you not very glad to know that your parents have come back?"

"I am better now, sir," she murmured, putting Gondam's hand from her. "It was but a passing faintness. Yes. I am very glad."

"And they are so anxious to see you, Rosa—and such nice people, too. Your mother, though quite sick from long travel, would have come out with me, if your father had not peremptorily forbidden it."

FATHER! MOTHER! How these words sounded upon Rosalind's ear, and how she tried to hope as she heard them.

"Your father has been hard at work, Rosa, and I now know why he went away, so I may clear that last doubt from your mind. He had become deeply involved in debt—he had lost thousands of dollars—and he finally resolved to go out into the world and commence anew. Your mother would not remain behind, as he wished, and he finally consented that she should accompany him. But they would not take their little child with them to buffet the storm, and they left the helpless one with me. Your father had taken an oath that he would not return until he could pay every penny he owed, and he has kept his word. To the far West they have been, and he is not only able to pay all his debts, but he will have many thousands left. Fortune has smiled upon him, and the only joy he now seeks is to clasp his darling child once more to his bosom. And your mother—O, how she wept with happiness when I told her how you had grown up a true and virtuous maiden. You will love them dearly."

Rosalind was bewildered. She did not notice the inconsistencies of the story she had heard—she only thought of the strange and startling change that must follow in all her relations of life. She had often wished that she could know the love of a real mother; but now that the opportunity was likely to occur, she thought more of the love she had always shared in that humble farm-house. It seemed like going out into the dark night to leave her present home. There might be light and warmth beyond, but she had never seen and felt it. She had felt the warmth of the generous hearts about her now, and she could not give them wholly up.

"Are they at your house, uncle?" she asked, after she had become partially composed.

"No—not now. They are at their hotel, and they will meet you there."

"When—did they wish me to come?"

"Can you ask me such a question?" returned Gondam, reprovingly. "When should you suppose a fond and anxious mother would wish to see her beloved child? Why—I would not return to that mother without you on any account. She lives alone for you, and has thought only of her old home, because it would give her back her loved one. Surely, you will go in with me to-night, Rosa."

"And my things?"

"You can come back here and get them. Mrs. King can have them collected all ready for you. Perhaps your mother will come out with you. It would do her good."

MOTHER—MOTHER—and again and again—MOTHER.' The name had sweet music in it, though there were sad tones somewhere. Perhaps the adder beneath the door-stone was mingling its notes with the music she heard!

"If you think I had better go in to-night——"

"Dear Rosa, I had thought to see you fly to make preparations for accompanying me. Is there nothing in the thought of *Mother* to move you?"

"O—uncle, you are unkind!" cried the poor girl, bursting into tears. "It is all so new, and strange, and overwhelming, that I hardly know what I say."

At this juncture Mrs. King went to Rosalind's side, and placed one arm around her neck.

"Go, Rosa," she said. "Go to-night, and we will all come in and see you."

"But I shall come back here," said the maiden, gazing up through her tears. "I shall come back to get my things."

"Of course you will," interposed Gondam, "and your father and mother will come out with you."

Rosalind went away into the little room where she and Betsy had slept together for so many years, and with trembling hands she began to dress for her ride. The girls would have gone in with her, but their mother called for them to set the table and prepare supper. Rosalind sat down with the rest when the meal was ready, but she could not eat. Her appetite was gone, and she felt almost sick; but she remained calm until they arose from the table, and then she turned towards her room again.

"I'll be ready pretty soon, my dear," said Thomas Gondam.

Rosalind did not try to speak, for she knew full well that she could not. She hurried on, and in a few moments more she was weeping upon Betsy's bosom, and Mrs. King and Lucy were by her side.

"It's cruel! It's cruel!" cried Betsy, in a passionate burst of tears. "He's an ugly man to carry Rosa off!"

"Hush, my child," spoke Mrs. King, keeping back her own tears by a strong effort. "Would you keep her from her own mother? If I was away, would you not wish to come to me?"

Betsy could not answer this question, under the circumstances, to her own satisfaction, so she remained silent.

"I shall come back to see you," sobbed Rosalind. "I shall not take my things now, and I shall come back very soon. You will tell Albert where I am gone."

"But we don't know where you are going," said Betsy.

"We shall find out before she leaves," returned Mrs. King.

The good woman had thought to say a great many very kind things when she entered the bedroom, but she found herself unequal to the task. Rosa had been loved as an own child—she had been as a continuous ray of sunshine in the house and it seemed like snapping a heart-string to have her go.

"We won't say much now, Rosa," she managed to remark, with an unnatural calmness. "When I see you again, you shall tell me all about your dear mother. You shall tell me how you love her, and how kind she is. And—and—you'll tell *her* that we've been kind to you here. If you tell her all the truth, she may bring you often to see us."

With her arm's about the good woman's neck, Rosalind sobbed a reply, and pretty soon afterwards Mr. King came and informed her that her uncle was waiting. She kissed them all, and then passed out into the kitchen.

"Good-bye, Simon," she said.

The man gazed up into her face. He was a stout, uncouth looking person, but there was good-nature in his bronzed features, and a great soul in his bosom. He had worked for Mr. King several years, having come from Vermont in search of a place when he was one-and-twenty. His name was Simon Peter Drake, and, humble as he was, he did the name no dishonor.

"Good-bye, Miss Rosa," he replied, extending his great, hard hand.

"I shall come and see you very often, Simon."

"I hope ye will, Miss Rosa."

"You'll take good care of my little lambs, Simon, and see that my pretty calf is fed."

"Yes, Rosa."

"Good-bye."

Simon Peter said "Good-bye," and then followed her with his gaze from the room. He seemed very much moved, though his emotions were evidently of no melting mood. He clenched his brown hands upon his knees, and shook his head as though he would like to tear somebody's hair, or coat.

Rosalind stood upon the broad door-stone a few moments, and as she cast her eyes down, she saw the adder reared above the knotted grass at her feet. She uttered a quick cry of alarm, and started back.

"What's the matter?" asked Gondam.

"It was only a snake."

"Where?"

"He's gone under the door-stone again."

"Never mind—jump in. We're all ready."

There were a few hurried words of farewell—promises to visit—new pledges of love and remembrance—and then the carriage rolled quickly away. The family group watched it until it had disappeared down the hill, and then they returned to the kitchen and sat down. For some minutes not a word was said. Mr. King seemed moody and thoughtful; his wife was sad and melancholy, while the children wiped their swollen eyes.

Presently Simon Peter brought his great hands together with a force that shook the house, and very spitefully uttered—

"Darn his homely pictur!"

The family looked up in surprise. Simon sat just where Rosa had left him, and the only perceptible change which had come over him was the appearance of a more intense desire to tear something.

"What's the matter, Simon?" the old farmer asked.

"Matter enough. Darn his pictur, I say!"

"Whose 'pictur' do you mean?"

"*His* pictur! Thomas Gondam's pictur. He's a snake!"

"But—what of him?" asked King, eagerly. "What do you know of him?"

"Blast him! I know enough!" returned Simon, with dogged fierceness. "I tell ye 'tain't no good he's arter. Miss Rosa 'd never ought'r gone with him. He's a snake, darn his ugly mug!"

By this time the whole family had become excited, and Betsy began to cry afresh.

"I knew something bad would come of it," she sobbed.

"Hush, my child," spoke Mrs. King; and then, turning to Simon, she added—

"What do you mean? Tell us what you know of Thomas Gondam."

"I know he's a snake! I've watched him sharp. I've seed him when there hain't none o' the rest of ye seed him. I kept my eye on him to-night when we was harnessin' his hoss. He asked me all about the dead man under the wall, and when I told him about it, he kind o' snickered, jest as though 'twas good fun. 'Then, sez I, 'A cuss on all villains an' hard-hearted men!' an' when I looked him right in the eye, he couldn't stand it, no how. I tell ye I took 'ticerler notice of him, and he's a snake! Cuss his pictur, say I!"

"And still you know nothing of him, Simon," said Mr. King. "You'd better wait until we see Rosa again, and learn what she has to say. You know it is not Gondam with whom she is to live."

"P'r'aps 'tisn't. But it must be a rousin' father that'd send aout arter his only darter in that ere fashion. Ef he loved his child, why'n thunder didn't he come himself? I tell ye thar's monkery abaout it—cuss his consarned pictur!"

Mr. King had not thought of this before.

"I should think he might have come out," he said, half to himself.

"Yas!" returned Simon, with an emphatic stamp of his heavy boot, "I should a' thought jest so. D'ye suppose ef your darter 'd been livin' somewhar ever sense she was a baby, an' yeou'd jest come home, 'at yeou wouldn't take the trouble to ride aout four mile an' a haff to look at the folks as had fetched her up? Blast his evil eye, I say!"

"He has got an evil eye," ventured Mrs. King, with a shudder.

"Never mind. We shall know when we see Rosa," interposed the farmer.

"Mebbe!" pronounced Simon, very significantly, and with this he arose and left the house. As he reached the yard he saw a large adder in the grass, but ere he could grasp a stone or stick, the snake had taken refuge beneath the door-stone.

"One snake goes over the stone, and another one under it!" muttered Simon, as he walked away.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE PAWNBROKER'S.

It was quite dark when Thomas Gondam entered the city, and when he finally stopped it was in a narrow, dimly-lighted street, and before a low, ghostly-looking building.

"We will get out here a few moments," said Gondam, as he reined up his horse.

"But why here? This is not a hotel. You said you would take me direct to my parents," expostulated Rosalind.

"But we may find them here, my dear. Why—bless me—I hope you aren't frightened. Your father had business in this place, and said I might find him here. Come—we'll go right to Tremont House, if they aren't here."

Rosalind suffered him to lift her out, and while he secured the horse she cast a hurried glance about her. She saw the dirty window, with its tawdry show of jewelry; and she saw the dim outlines of a man beyond. She saw the ghostly street-lamps in the distance; and here and there were illuminated signs, over doors and windows, informing the beholder that "Oysters and Refreshments" were for sale within. The stench that floated upon the close air was foul and sickening—so different from the free air upon the old hill in the country.

"Come," said Gondam, taking her by the hand, "I think we shall find them here. Courage, now. Bear up like a noble daughter, as you are."

She followed him into the narrow, dirty shop—then through the little square room beyond—then into a passage where all was dark and close, and where the fumes of tobacco-smoke and grease seemed to hang like a fog. But Gondam groped his way along, and presently opened a door, and led Rosalind into a low, dingy apartment, where a single oil lamp was burning. She saw a cooking-stove—a pine table—a few chairs—a row of shelves with blackened dishes upon them—and a woman. The woman was stout and broad-shouldered, with red hair and a very red face.

"This is Rosalind," said Thomas Gondam, after he had closed the door behind him.

"What!" cried Patty, starting up from her chair, and assuming an attitude which she had been practising all the afternoon. "Is this my own darlin' child? Oh! Rosa! Rosa! Come to your mother's arms, and get a mother's kiss!"

The frightened, bewildered girl was folded to the flabby bosom, and she felt the hot kisses upon her cheek. The fumes of gin came rank and strong upon her, and, with a low moan, she started back.

"This my mother?" she gasped, turning towards Gondam.

"Why—bless your simple soul, child, don't ye know your own mother?" cried the red-faced Patty, embracing her again.

"Oh! uncle! Take me away from here!" Rosalind whispered, rushing to Gondam's side, and throwing her arms about him.

"Wait," he answered, putting her from him. "Here comes your father."

As the broker spoke the door was opened, and Michael Ludder entered.

"Hey! What—me little Rosa! Mercy on me, I should have known her in a minute!" the pawnbroker cried, advancing and seizing the maiden around the neck. "Why—how like your mother you have grown. Isn't this joy? Isn't this some pay for the long years we've passed in foreign climes?"

The poor girl's cheek was red from the contact with Ludder's file-like beard, and as soon as she could disengage herself from his grasp she turned again to where Gondam had stood. But her uncle was not there! She cast her eyes hurriedly about the room, but could see him nowhere!

"Where is my uncle?" she asked, wildly.

"He's gone, my dear, and left ye with yer father and mother," replied Michael Ludder.

"Oh! let me see him! Let me speak with him one moment!—Uncle! Uncle!" and she made a spring towards the door.

"Why—mercy on me, Rosa," cried Ludder, seizing her by the arm, "would ye run away from yer own parents? Would ye leave us broken-hearted when we have just found ye?"

Rosalind disengaged herself, and stepped back. She gazed first upon the man, and then upon the woman. The feeble rays of the lamp threw light enough upon those two faces to reveal all their sordid, coarse, sensual brutality, and she shuddered as though she had seen two slimy serpents coiled up before her! She looked at the room, and upon the articles of furniture about her, and she had sense enough to see that both tenement and tenants were perfectly matched.

"You are not my parents!" she said.

"Mercy sakes! Jest hear the child!" cried Patty, who had sat down by the stove.

"You're crazy," added Michael, looking the girl in the eye. "What d'ye s'pose we'd want of ye if ye wasn't our own child? D'ye think we'd take ye, an' take care of ye, if we hadn't an interest in ye?"

"But this isn't your home," said Rosalind.

"Of course it's our home."

"And you've lived here—how long?"

"Goin' on ten——"

"Just moved in," quickly interrupted Michael, at the same time giving his companion a warning look.

"Yes—'zactly—jest moved in," repeated Patty, remembering her cue. "We haint only jest arrived in the city. We've been to foreign parts—yer father and I have—an' jest got home."

"And the only joy we anticipated was meeting with our darlin' child," pursued Michael, with an attempt at the pathetic. "What could have induced us to come back here but that?"

"Nothin'," responded Patty, from her seat by the stove.

"Only to pay my old debts," added the pawnbroker. "I should have come to pay them, because of my honor."

"In course you would," said Patty, feelingly.

"Perhaps our dear Rosa would like to go up to her room, and take off her things, and rest a bit," suggested Michael.

"Would ye, dear?" Patty asked.

"Yes—I should," answered Rosalind, glad of any opportunity to be left awhile by herself

"Have ye been to supper, darlin'?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll show ye up directly. Ye'll have a nice, snug little room."

Patty took a tin lamp from the shelf behind the stove, and having lighted it, she bade Rosalind to follow her. At the end of the dark passage was a flight of stairs, and up these they went. The girl had never seen such a dark, dismal, dirty place before. The passages had a close, prison-like smell, and the floor was rough with accumulated filth. Up a second flight the woman led the way, and at the top of these Rosalind found herself in a narrow hall, or entry, from which opened three doors. Patty opened the one which seemed to be towards the rear of the building, and conducted her companion into the room beyond.

"This is yer room, me child, and a nice, snug place ye'll find it, too. Here's a nice bed; and there's a little closet where ye can hang away yer things. If ye don't want to come down agin to-night ye needn't. P'r'aps ye'd like to go to bed afore long."

"I shan't come down to-night," said Rosalind.

"I thought so. Well—good night—pleasant dreams." And with this the woman went out, closing the door after her.

As soon as Rosalind was left alone she gazed about her. The room was quite small, and directly beneath the roof, as she could tell by the inclination of the ceiling. There was one window—a dormer—built out upon the rafters, the panes of which were covered with dust and cobwebs. The bed was a simple cot, with a mattrass, and plenty of covering, and, unlike all else in the place, it was quite clean. There was a single chair, and a wash-stand; and upon the latter were a bowl and pitcher. A small, black table, upon which the woman had set the lamp, and a cracked looking-glass, completed the furniture of the place.

The maiden went to the window and looked out. She could see the stairs above, and below she could see a mass of dark, dim walls. She soon turned back and sank into the chair, and rested her brow upon her hands.

"They are not my parents," she said, after she had pondered awhile. "Can that woman be my mother? Can that man be my father? O—no, no, no! It cannot be. Their very manner of receiving me was strained, and put on for the occasion. But—why am I here?"

She started as this question suggested itself If these people were not her parents, then her uncle must have deceived her—cruelly deceived her. And he must have had some purpose in doing so. But why should he have done it? What possible reason could he have for such a course? Might they not be her parents, after all? She remembered the old dread that had dwelt most darkly and heavily in her soul when her love for Albert Varrondale grew to be a part of her. Her uncle had always told her that her parents fled from home, and he had often hinted that they were criminals. If he had deceived her now, perhaps it was only for the purpose of getting her to her parents.

"Oh, my God!" she groaned, as she tottered towards the bed, and sank down upon it, "if these are the ones to whom I owe my birth, help me to bear the burden!"

She burst into tears, and there she lay, sobbing and moaning, until long after the Old South had struck nine o'clock. When she finally slept, she was startled by frightful dreams, and all through the night, whether sleeping or waking, she was in constant terror. In the morning she arose and went to the window. With her apron she wiped the glass, and then looked out. The window-stool was close upon the roof, and within some five feet of the gutter. Below this, a story lower down, was a roof, nearly flat, and covered with a cement formed of pitch and gravel, which extended back some fifteen feet to a high brick wall. This wall was solid, without windows, and seemed to be the back of some tall building fronting upon another street. To the left of the low, graveled roof, there seemed to be a narrow passage-way, though Rosalind could not look down upon the bottom of it. To the right she could see nothing save what appeared over the top of the adjacent building. It was a dark, dreary, shapeless mass to her. Not a tree—not a shrub—not a green thing—only blackened walls, and roofs, and chimneys, with fog and smoke hanging upon the scene like a pall. She tried to raise the sash, but it was nailed down, and as she had nothing with which to pull the nails out, she gave it up, and turned away. There was water in the pitcher, and when she had bathed her heated brow, she placed the vessel to her lips, but she could only take a single swallow. The water was dark and brackish, and made her sick.

She sat down again upon the bed, and reflected upon the circumstances of the past. Now she felt sure that the people below were not her parents; but anon the fear would come over her that they might be. And—if they were her parents, should she feel obliged to live with them? Was there any law, human or divine, which could enforce such a course as duty? She was arguing this question with herself when her door was opened, and the woman who claimed to be her mother entered.

And now Rosalind had a better opportunity to scan the person before her. The features were coarse and rough, though not wholly devoid of a sort of sensual comeliness. They might once have been quite fair, but years of gross indulgence had seared and bloated them until they were repulsive and disgusting to a child of pure perception. She was not an old woman—surely not over five-and-thirty—and her obese form would not have looked very uncomely, had she been dressed with any regard to personal appearance. She had a swaggering, masculine manner, and her bloodshot eyes peered forth from their inflamed sockets with an evil glance.

"Up so early, my dear daughter?" she said, as she entered. "I hope ye slept well."

"I have hardly slept at all," the maiden replied, pressing her hand upon her throbbing brow.

"That's 'cause ye're in a strange house, dear. Folks is apt to be wakeful in a strange place—especially young folks. But when ye've been here as long as I have, ye'll sleep well enough."

"How long have you been here?" Rosalind asked, with a quick look at the woman.

"Oh, only a little while," she replied, somewhat flustered: "only a day or two. But then, ye see, I get used to such things kind o' quick."

Rosalind had noticed it all. She had marked the contradictory answer and the troubled manner, and she felt sure they were lying to her.

"Good woman," she cried, springing forward, and seizing Patty's hand, "will you not tell me the truth? Oh! I implore you, by all your hopes of heaven, by all your hopes of peace and joy, to tell me—are you my mother?"

"Why, in course I am," returned the hostess, shaking off the girl's hold. "Shouldn't I be a nateral born fool to say you was if you wasn't? Ye're my child, an' nothin' else. Now don't ask any more silly questions; but come down and get some breakfast."

"I am not hungry," said Rosalind, sinking back upon the bed.

"Then come down and pick up an appetite. Ye don't think ye're going to mope up here all day, do ye? Come down. Yer father wants to see ye this mornin'."

The poor girl quickly made up her mind that she had better obey those who had power over her, and without further remark she followed the woman from the room. The passages and the stairways were dark and drear, and it seemed almost a relief when she reached the little dirty kitchen, where she had been the night before. Michael Ludder was there, and he arose to greet her when she entered.

"Hey, me darlin', I'm glad to see ye lookin' so bright this mornin'," he said, taking her hand.

She recoiled from him, for his look was far more evil than was that of his companion. His sidelong, crooked glance was full of wickedness, and his dark features were simply devilish.

"Ye don't like me," he muttered, with a grin; "well, never mind. You can take your own course. Ye won't find much love here if ye can't show a little yerself. Mind that."

Was this the language of a father? Rosalind sank into a chair, and gazed upon his face. Could a parent of hers have worn such a countenance? Despite her pain she was keenly alive to the one great idea before her—the idea which came first among the things she would know: *Were these her parents?*

She sat up to the table, and she sipped some of the coffee that was given her; and while she sipped she watched every look and movement of her companions. There was no shadow of love in their manner—there was not the slightest show of affection. They winked slyly at each other when they thought she did not see them—seeming to make light of her misery.

"Oh, God, these are not my parents! They cannot be!" And she sat away in one corner of the kitchen, holding her aching head upon her hands, while the hot tears fell thick and fast at her feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WHY!

BY AUGUSTA MOORE

Sister, *why* is thy cheek so pale,
And all thy steps so slow?
And wherefore at the north-wind's breath
Dost sigh and shiver so?
When *I* but laugh, and dance, and sing,
To hear it wildly blow.

The diff'rence, Maud, between us two,
Is very quickly told:
For thy young blood is rich and warm,
And mine is thin and cold,
And thou art young and happy, child,
But *I* am sad and old.

DIED POOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker; "the saddest I have attended for many years."

"That of Edmonson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfillment."

"Yet, he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! He was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"Did he not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his patience and endurance.

"No, sir. He died poor, as I have just said. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. Strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprize."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and I thought he died rich."

"No. He has left nothing behind," was replied. "The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate."

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," said a third.

"Lessons of patience in suffering; of hope in adversity; of heavenly confidence, when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildering path," was the testimony of another.

"And high truths, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich!" was the emphatic declaration. "Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, a miserable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was, rather, a triumphal procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonials attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed! Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping, soulless, selfish man, with a moderate share of brains, may gather in money, and learn the art of keeping it, but not one in a hundred can bravely conquer in the battle of life as Edmonson has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men, a Christian hero. No, no; he did not die poor, but rich—rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections. And his heirs have an interest in the administration of his affairs. A large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose precious things through false estimates and ignorant depreciations."

"You have a new way of estimating the wealth of a man," said the one who had first expressed sympathy for the deceased.

"Is it not the right way?" was answered. "There are higher things to gain in this world, than wealth that perishes. Riches of princely value ever reward the true merchant, who trades for wisdom, buying it with the silver of truth and the gold of love. He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide forever, and he who has to leave all behind on which he has placed affection, dies poor indeed. Our friend Edmonson died richer than a Girard or an Astor; his monument is built of good deeds and noble examples. It will abide forever."

WOMAN'S HISTORY AND DESTINY.

The first, or early history of woman, is purely a material one. We are presented to her as the first transgressor, through her having brought sin and death into the world. She was the first sinner; and the majority of the traditions we have received respecting her early conduct all tend to give countenance to the Jewish theory. She fulfilled her earthly duties as a matron, and passed away from the scenes of her sorrows and love before Adam, her husband; indeed, long before, for we have not the slightest account of her decease, and the presumption is that at his death few living had the slightest remembrance of her.

Well might Eve have been termed the mother of sin, if all the enormities chronicled in the Old Testament are, in a literal sense, to be entirely attributed to woman. What a catalogue of enormities do we find in these awful books! First, by Adah and Zillah Lamech became the first polygamist; and then, by a natural transition from one sin to another, the first blasphemer. Then we have the daughters of men corrupting the sons of God, and the consequent universal demoralization of the earth, and its condign punishment, the deluge. After this the descendants of Noah, through woman, forgot their moral obligations. By Hagar the peace of Abraham was for a while disturbed. Then, again, Esau's intrigues with the heathens, Judith and Bashemoth, caused much pain in Israel; after which we have Potiphar's wife tempting the humane and truly Adamitic Joseph; and afterwards tragedies, deepening in intensity as one succeeds the other. The daughters of Moab caused the most terrible plagues of Israel in the desert, and the daughters of Canaan their cowardice and idolatry after the conquest; Delilah brought about the degradation of Sampson; through a companion of the Levite of Ephraim, one tribe was almost exterminated; Bathsheba tumbled David from his high estate; and Solomon, through strange women, served their false gods. Jezebel made the impious Ahab a perjurer and a murderer; through Athaliah the kings of Judah followed in the train of the kings of Israel; Herodias caused Herod to behead John the Baptist, in spite of himself; and it was owing to the Jewish women that Paul and Barnabas were persecuted, and driven from Antioch; and finally, by the prophetical woman of the Apocalypse is shadowed forth the apostacy of the whole earth.

Woman must have been in the zenith of her material power in those days. But, is it not strange that the strong should succumb to the weak—the man armed with authority bend to the woman gifted only with influence? The phenomenon would really resolve itself into an inscrutable mystery, did we not employ our faculties, and search out the cause which, to those who diligently investigate, may be discovered in almost every book in the sacred volume. And was it not neither more nor less than the abject condition to which woman had been reduced through successive ages after the fall? Man degraded her, and she retributively degraded him. He so rounded her material condition with impassable barriers that, thrown upon herself, she deteriorated in moral value, and so poisoned the springs of society at their source. Hurled back upon her own resources, restricted to a stringent servility to man, she could only cultivate the least valuable of her accomplishments, which, being eagerly sought after, largely contributed to the general emasculation; and thus was not only Israel, but the whole world, cursed with a pestilential miasma, which destroyed entire populations—ay, even races. Man was held up as the type of power, woman of beauty. Thus she sank to the condition of a slave, the lowest of all the features of the material life. The tradition of the original degradation of her species, through her means, clung around her through all her varied experiences. Man had neither the mental power nor the moral generosity to take upon himself any share in either the first or any of the subsequent series of degradations, and thus he exercised brute sway over the woman, until in process of time she was really depressed to the moral feebleness which rendered her not an inapt representative of that depravity which had sprung from too excessive a veneration for the material life, and crushed, mangled all the loftier energies of the human race.

But in that general night the immortality of mother Eve still lingered on the earth. As stars peer through the densest gloom, so did sparks of Eden glimmer through the horrors of that material age. There was the pious Sarah, the modest Rebecca, the tender Rachel, the unconquerable Deborah, the humble Ruth, the sweet wife of Elkanah, the prudent Abigail, the intrepid Rizpah, the devoted Shunemmite, with many others. The burden of the original sin was relieved by innumerable virtues, which gave to the world those ideas and works which elevate and console humanity; such as tender devotedness, generous sacrifices, holy inspirations, pious institutions, and charitable foundations. Thus, even under the withering spell of a material condition, woman was the personification of good and evil, the source of power. Her influence pervaded society throughout, and she was to man what Agrippina was in the senate—

"Behind the vail, invisible and present."

And as through her the human race lost immortality, it was through her it was regained. She was selected to be the agent between God and man in the grand scheme of the atonement. Divine love through her revisited the earth, and brought with it the dawn of her redemption from a slavery which had subsisted for four thousand years. After her seed had "bruised the serpent's head," a new mission and a new life were given to her—a mission of instruction and reformation; a life of love, of hope, of salvation.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home!

READING.—Reading is one of the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue; the upholder in adversity; the prop of independence; the support of a just pride; the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is the shield against the tyranny of all the petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's scoff and the knave's poison.

THE JESSAMINE FLOWER.

A Waif from the South.

BY J. C. D.

Oh, the Jessamine flower, first flower of the Spring,
The Spring of our fair sunny clime,
How softly it breathes its sweet odors around
Those haunts in our affections enshrined;
Its delicate blossoms, and languishing hue,
Seek retreat in the shade of the bower;
Of every bright thing that enlivens our view,
There's nought like the Jessamine flower.

I love to retire from the maddening throng,
And fly to those shady retreats,
Where the mocking-bird chimes to the nightingale's song—
There I revel in nature's best sweets;
The gay little warblers do welcome me there,
And fill with their music the glade,
Pouring fourth to their Maker the homage of praise
From beneath the sweet Jessamine shade.

Farewell to ye, sturdy and time-honored oaks,
You, aged and waving green pine—
Long may ye flourish the pride of the glen,
Enwreathed by the myrtle and vine;
When my spirit takes wing to the realms of light,
To dwell in the heavenly bower,
Then farewell to those scenes that now yield me delight,
And the lovely, sweet Jessamine flower.

Savannah, February, 1858.

KATE ELDEN;

OR,

THE EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGE BOARDER.

As the sun went down behind the hills that sentineled the western approach to the beautiful village of Aytown, old Josiah Kent came in from feeding his horse, cow and pig, and taking a seat near the rocking-chair occupied by his "old lady," he asked her what she supposed the reason was that their boarder had not arrived.

"I'm sure I don't know, Josiah; but this I do know—I wish she wasn't coming at all. It flusters me dreadfully only to think of having her here. I dare say she is good enough, and quiet enough, as the minister said, but mercy knows we are not the right sort of folks to take a boarder. I've been thinking, 'Siah, whether or no I hadn't better send her word that she needn't come."

"Why, old lady, what would Mr. Hinsdale think of that, after your agreeing to take her? He wouldn't be apt to like it very well, and no wonder. I think, myself, that it would be serving the young woman any way but well to disappoint her now. Mr. Hinsdale, you know, mentioned how tired she was, and how anxious to get settled in a quiet and retired home. For my part, I think it will be pleasant to have her here."

"Perhaps it will, but I feel so nervous about it; she is from the city, and perhaps has high notions and queer ways. Then 'tis so long since we have had a young person about the house. Not since poor Allen went—no one knows where."

The old lady wiped her eyes and sank into silence.

Just then there came a timid knock at the door.

"Come in!" said the old man, and a tall, slender, lady-like young woman, dressed in black, with a sad and lovely countenance, that betokened intelligence, refinement, suffering and resignation, obeyed the invitation. She looked tired and depressed, but smiled pleasantly and thankful at the old people for the immediate attentions they offered.

"Have you had supper?" asked the old lady.

"Yes, 'm, thank you," was the reply, in tones so gentle that they went to the hearts of the hearers. "If you please, I would like to be shown to my room," she soon said.

Mrs. Kent went up with her, and after having shown her all through the chambers, and having told her that she was to make herself as much at home as she could, and not to feel confined to one room, or to any one part of the house, (which was a large, well-furnished and home-like mansion, made for comfort and convenience,) she said:

"How do you think you shall like us, my dear? Do you think you can be contented to live all summer in a house with three old people? For Judy, our help, is a great deal older than you are, though young compared to my husband and me."

The stranger, henceforward called Miss Elden, or Kate, replied, with great earnestness:

"I think that I could not have been directed to a house more agreeable to my taste, or more suited to my circumstances, than is this pleasant house of yours; and if I never like its owners less than I do now, I shall always like them very much, indeed."

She smiled cordially upon the delighted old lady, who bade her good night, and hastened down to tell "'Siah" what a nice, "accommodating" person their new boarder was.

"I'm glad she's come, after all; I like her a great deal better than I expected I should. She isn't high in her notions at all. I mean, she don't seem to be."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, old lady. There's no telling much about anybody on once seeing. But the minister gave her a good recommend. He seems interested in her, anyhow, and *he* is a judge of folks. Wonder where he came across her, and how long he's known her!" concluded the old man, meditatively.

"I guess she was one of his members when he was pastor in the city," suggested the wife.

"Yes, I suppose so," concluded the husband. "She's got a good friend in *him*, whether she has any other friends or not. How he spoke up for her. Wonder if he will see that she always has plenty to do."

This latter remark was caused by a thought of the board money, and the source from which it was to come. The old lady was to have, for her pocket-money, the two dollars a week that their boarder was to pay.

Meantime, the subject of this conversation was on her knees in her chamber, thanking God with many tears for the peaceful shelter into which he had led her, and for all the mercies with which he seemed still to surround her. Having relieved her heart by this expression of its feelings, she proceeded to examine her room. It was neat and of good size, had hooks for her pictures, and shelves for her books; but, best of all, was a nice, large closet, for putting away clothes.

"It will be a real, comfortable, and I trust a calm if not a happy home," she said. "How different from the close and dirty quarters where, for more than six months, I have hid myself. Never can I sufficiently thank God for putting it into my mind to write to my former pastor, and ask for his help. I should have soon become incurably morbid in mind, if not actually insane, had I continued as I was situated. How delightful it is to be in the pure country. No unhappiness seems so hard to bear here as it does in the stony-hearted city. Thank God, I am away. I hope it is forever."

She went to her window. The view from there was, she was sure, a cheerful and pleasant one; though, because of the deepening shades of evening, she could not certainly distinguish exactly what it was.

As she felt so weary after her journey, and her anxious and excited state of mind, she was about preparing to retire when Mr. Kent knocked at her door to say that her trunks had arrived. She requested that they might be brought up; it was done, and as he helped to bring in the last one, the old man said, kindly—

"I hope ye'll not be lonesome nor homesick with the old folks, my child. If you get frightened in the night, and think you are too far off from the rest of us, just knock, and I shall hear you. We mean to do all we can to make you feel at home and happy. My old woman says she is right glad we took you, though we never should have done it if it hadn't been for the minister's recommend."

"Thank you for all your kindness, and good night," replied Miss Elden, as Mr. Kent departed. "Blessings on that dear minister," she added to herself, with clasped hands. "Oh! it *is* good to know that on the earth there is at least one on whom I may rely as a friend, that will not fail in time of need. God bless him." She laid her tired head on her pillow, and, although she was so glad and grateful, that pillow, ere she slept, was wet with tears.

"Oh! my patience," cried the old lady, on visiting her boarder's room the day after her arrival, "what beautiful work! It's just like what they have here in the stores to sell, only five times nicer. Where ever *did* you learn to do that?"

"I learned in New York, of an Englishwoman who had worked in France at the business. She used to work collars for my mother and my sisters, and as I wished very much to learn, she taught me her art."

"And so your mother lives in New York, does she?" said the old lady, fixing her blue eyes on the pale face before her. "I did not know whether you had any parents living."

"I have," was the slow reply.

Mrs. Kent longed very much to ask a good many questions, but the manner of Miss Elden did not invite inquiry.

She was working rapidly, silently, and with a deep shadow on her face.

"So *this* is the way you get your living, is it? Well, it is pretty work, but I'm afraid it is not very good for your health. I should think you'd get more tired of it than I did of this carpet. Look at this carpet, my dear. 'Tis linen, and was made forty years ago. I was seven years in making it."

"Seven years!" echoed Miss Elden, in surprise.

"Not all the time at work on it, my dear," laughed the good lady, "but it was my winter's work, when I *had time* to work at it, for seven years. You see, my dear, people had to *work* in old times. From morning till night it was work, work, work, year in and year out, and I always did my share. I don't do much now. Old folks ought to rest; but I have earned my living, my dear, and am glad to see that you are willing and able to earn yours."

"I'm very thankful that I can get plenty to do, and that I have health and skill to do it. I feel that I am very kindly dealt with by Providence."

"I am glad to hear you talk so, my dear. Religion is the only thing that can make any body happy, let their circumstances be what they may. You *are* religious, arn't you?"

"I hope I am," was the reply, a slight color tinging the pale cheeks of Miss Elden.

"How long have you known Mr. Hinsdale?" asked Mrs. Kent, abruptly.

"For many years," was the answer.

"Does he know your family?"

"Yes, madam, he knows them all."

"I expect you'll be for leaving us and going back home in a few weeks," said Mrs. Kent, experimentally.

"No, I shall never again go home," was the sad-toned reply.

The old lady dared ask nothing further. She sat meditating whether it would do to "pump" the minister in regard to the history of her boarder; but she concluded that that would not be best, as she stood in too much awe of the reverend gentleman to be likely to succeed very well.

"Well," said she, sighing heavily, "it is strange, here I have got somebody's girl to take care of, but there is no knowing whether anybody will take care of my poor boy."

"Have you a son away from home?"

"Yes, dear, he went away eight years ago, and we never have heard of him since. He was such a smart and handsome boy, we were too fond of him, and gave him his own way too much, and he grew very wild, and when his father tried to restrain him, he ran away. It almost killed us both, but we have had, for a year or more, a peaceable assurance that the Lord, into whose hands we have committed his case, and upon whom we cast all our care for the poor, naughty boy, will bring him back to cheer and comfort our last days. He may have done very wickedly, and may be sorely punished, but we both feel now that he will yet be made to repent and forsake all his sins, and to return to his father's house."

The poor mother kept wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, but the tears came so fast now that the apron would not do.

"I will go down stairs," she said. "Come down, my dear, whenever you are lonesome," and she went out.

CHAPTER II.

THE EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

A crash—a scream. Kate sprang, half awake and bewildered, from her bed. What had taken place? Where was she? In the deep darkness of midnight she could not find the door, and half wild with a confused terror, she began to scream for help.

A mingling of voices now met her ear, and in a few moments more her door was opened by a young lady, a relative of the Kents.

"Oh! Helen, what *has* happened?" cried Kate, so frightened that she was trembling from head to foot.

"No one is killed or hurt—don't be so terrified," returned Helen. "The old eight-day clock, that for fifty years has been fastened to the dining-room walls, has fallen, and is smashed to atoms. There will be great mourning and many superstitious fears, I dare say, but nobody need to be so pale and trembling as you are."

"Let us go down," said Kate, throwing a wrapper about her, and stepping out into the passage.

The two hurried down to the scene of the disaster.

Old Mrs. Kent sat weeping beside the fragments of the shattered clock; but she was smiling also.

"Whoever would have thought it!" she burst out, as the two young women entered. "Whoever *would* have thought that the old clock's falling, and coming within an inch of knocking my brains out, would have been the means of my finding our boy's picture. We lost it soon after he went away, and could never tell where it went to; but some child must have had it and stuck it in behind the clock; and here it is safe and sound, as much like the dear boy himself as possible. Only see him."

The dear old rainbow of a woman held the precious picture toward Kate.

With an eager and startled motion she caught it, looked with wild eyes upon it and then at the mother, gasping out from white lips:

"Your son?" and fell fainting upon the floor.

"Father, father," screamed Mrs. Kent, "come here quick. Miss Elden has fainted or is dead."

The old man who had retreated to the bedroom when the young people entered, now came hastily into the scene.

"What made her faint?" he said.

"The sight of Allen's picture. Isn't it singular?"

It was a long time before any signs of returning life were visible in Kate. When she did at last open her eyes, it was only to close them with a groan.

"I always had a fancy that you looked like *him*," she said, as Mr. Kent bent over her to lift her to a better position.

"What do you know of our boy? Tell us as soon as you can, dear Miss Elden. Oh! do, my child," entreated the impatient mother.

"Soon," was the faint reply.

"Go to bed, mother, and let her rest till morning," commanded the old man; and the wife rather unwillingly obeyed. Kate lay on the settee until morning, Helen remaining by her side.

The story that, when day broke, was related to the anxious and sorrowing parents was as follows:

KATE'S STORY.

My parents loved their children devotedly, but they were proud and haughty; and when a rich young man sought my hand in marriage, it was not because they did not know from what source his wealth came, but because he was unknown in the high society in which he moved, and because he could not, or would not, show himself to be of some "good" family that they refused to listen to his wish.

But I loved the man; and, led captive by that love to the will of its object, I secretly married him. My family at once disowned me—but so happy was I in my elegant home, and in the company of the man dearer to me than all else on earth—dear as the very hope of immortality—that I hardly felt that act to be painful to me. I lived, for one short year, in a perfect intoxication of joy. My husband seemed *everything* that I could desire. He met every want of my being. To him turned affection, intellect, will, and each was satisfied. But I was deceived. A wretch who pretended to love me, in order to wean me from my Edward, stated to me that he was a gambler, and that our marriage was but a sham. Of my feelings concerning this I cannot speak. I charged my husband with the crimes; he could not deny them; and, ruined and heart-broken, I fled from his house. This was a year ago. I had no money—but my books, clothes, &c., which were my own, I took with me. My parents I never was to see more, nor my sisters. Indeed I did not desire it. I hid all winter in such places as I could pay for by the industrious use of my needle. But such a life was intolerable. I tried to think if there was not one friend left to whom I might apply for relief. My former pastor had removed to this place. He was, I knew well, a man to be safely and entirely trusted. I wrote to him, telling my sad story. He at once sent me money to come here. He found me a shelter—a peaceful home; but none but the God above knew that it was beneath the roof of the parents of him who was my destruction. Your son Allen and the Edward whom I loved—aye, *love*—are one and the same.

CHAPTER III.

OLD JOSIAH GOES IN SEARCH OF HIS SON.

The discoveries of the foregoing chapter were perfectly overpowering to poor old Mr. and Mrs. Kent. They sent in haste for their pastor, and to him they related the whole strange disclosure.

Mr. Hinsdale was somewhat bewildered.

"How can it be possible that your son could live so long in such an open way," he said, "and you never hear of him when he was so near?"

"He has taken another name, you remember," said Mr. Kent.

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten." The reverend gentleman was really quite bewildered by the sudden turn of affairs.

The idea of Kate's having been directed to the house of her betrayer's parents, and that through his own instrumentality, was astonishing, and not at all unpleasant to him.

"'Tis as it should be," he said to himself, "as it should be. They'll love her—they can't help it; and they'll take care of her; 'tis the least that they can do. Poor child! poor lamb! the Lord has indeed provided for thee a home."

He stroked the hair of Kate, who was still lying pale and weak upon the low settee—and she felt a tear plash softly on her forehead.

"Thanks!" she said, lifting eyes, beaming with grateful affection, to the mild face which bent above her. "Thanks! It was all through you that I found this place in which to die."

"Die! My child, you will not think of that now when you have just found out that you are at home," said the clergyman, and both Mr. and Mrs. Kent hastened to assure her that she must live for their sakes; for she was now, and ever should be, unto them as a beloved daughter.

A look of pleasure fluttered over Kate's wan face, but it quickly gave place to a troubled expression.

"Edward," she said.

"He must be found," said Mr. Hinsdale. "It may be that the sight of his father will recall him to some sense of honor and justice. You told me that you believed that he really loved you."

"I never doubted that," said Kate, sobbing heavily.

"Mr. Kent and I will go at once to the city and see if we can find him. You must get her well by to-morrow noon, mother, for we may bring a stranger back with us."

Taking leave of the three females, the gentlemen hastened to the railroad station, and were soon on their way to New York, where they arrived late in the afternoon. They found the house described by Kate, and were shown into its parlor. In a few moments a gentlemanly appearing man entered the room, and came towards them.

Suddenly he paused, then sprang forward and fell upon his knees at the feet of Mr. Kent, crying—

"Father, forgive—forgive your penitent son!"

The scene which followed may be left to the imagination of the reader. The old man's heart was melted into entire forgiveness. The son confessed all his guilt, folly, and misery, and ended by declaring that, since the flight of Kate, who was really his lawful wife, he had not known one moment's happiness or peace of mind. He had been married lawfully, but had managed so that Kate had not noticed the name he signed to the certificate, which certificate he afterwards hid, that she might not see it. He said, also, that he had resolved to give up all his evil ways, sell off his house, and make what restitution was in his power of his ill-gotten gains; after which he had purposed going back to his father's house to beg his parents' forgiveness, and remain to try and be a comfort to their last days. He knew that his wife was a Christian woman, and his desire now was to become worthy to meet with her in Heaven, if he never more beheld her on earth; but he had, he said, been advertising everywhere for her, and stating that she left in consequence of a very great mistake in regard to the matter on which they last spoke.

"I was in a bad humor when she charged me with having vilely deceived her, and on the spur of the moment admitted that I had—as, indeed, I had in many respects, but not in regard to her being my own true wife. But I have been bitterly punished—and I fear that my punishment will endure forever!" concluded the unhappy man.

"What would you say if we should tell you that your wife is already sheltered in the home of your youth?" inquired the minister.

"Sir—do not mock a stricken man!" exclaimed Kent, gazing with an almost frenzied eye on Mr. Hinsdale.

"Not for my life, sir—not for my life," returned that gentleman, earnestly.

"But I will tell you a strange story—a Providence kind and remarkable above anything that has come under my observation for many years." And he repeated Kate's history.

"Let us go!" cried the young man, starting up. "Let us go, instantly! We can catch the evening train. I would not sleep out of the cars to-night for the whole of New York—and certainly I shall not sleep much in them!"

Early the next morning the three men reached Aytown, and all went directly to Mr. Kent's house.

The meeting between the mother and son was affecting in the extreme; but when poor Kate was made to believe that it was her *husband* who knelt before her—when she fell upon his neck with cries and tears of almost delirious joy, what heart could have remained unmoved? None there present, certainly. There was a universal thanksgiving of tears. The end of our story is with joy and rejoicing. Edward, or, as Kate ever after called him, Edward Allen, had really reformed. He remained there contented in his father's home, and one happy family they made as long as they all lived. Allen opened a store in the village; and far more happy was he in the enjoyment of its moderate profits than he had ever been as the successful gambler. Young children gathered in the wide old house, and a merry place they made of it. Grandfather and grandmother spoiled them all to their heart's content. The good minister had not a family in all his congregation which he loved better to visit or by which he was more warmly beloved. And even yet he thinks with reverential wonder and devout gratitude upon the most "especial providence" which led him to choose for the stricken lamb of his former flock a shelter in the very home which was hers by right of love and marriage, and which was to be her own to the end of her long and useful life.

NO SUCCESS WITHOUT LABOR.

The continent of North America seems to be the home of the world. Strangers from all parts of the old continent hasten hither as a refuge from poverty, oppression, and various other evils incident to thickly settled communities, and hope to lay the foundation, for themselves and their posterity, of a well earned and honorable independency in this western hemisphere. People of all kinds, characters and habits, come here with the fondest and most glowing anticipations of future happiness, and many of them think that it is only necessary to land upon these shores to insure instant comfort and abundance. The rich and the poor, the virtuous and the vicious, the learned and the ignorant, indulge almost equally in the wildest visions of terrestrial good to be found in these regions, which time and experience only can wholly eradicate. They think this country is either something like the famous Arcadia of the poets, where everything combined to gratify the senses and charm the mind, or like the more modern region of the navigators, the splendid "El Dorado." where the precious metals lay scattered about in rich profusion, ready to be picked up.

The experience of the old settlers bears witness that this is nearly all delusion, that they found neither necessaries nor luxuries ready supplied to their desires, but that here, as well as in the countries which they had left, they experienced the same universal law, that a man's sustenance must be supplied by the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow. They found indeed that they had come into the possession of a goodly heritage, where the land gave forth abundant increase, and where they could sit down quietly when the labor of the day was over, "under their own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make them afraid." And the same law still governs us in these later times, when the face of civilization has been spread far and wide over this vast northern continent, and the hum of millions now rises upwards from the cities and villages and settlements of this new world. Every one finds, when he comes here, that it is necessary to put his hand to the plow, and earn his bread by the same indomitable industry that was imperative upon him in the old country, and that no hope need be indulged of arriving at comfort or affluence without the greatest economy, and the hardest work.

HIGH LIVING AMONGST THE MONKEYS.

A writer in India expresses, from experimental knowledge, his incredulity as to the strength of the maternal instinct in the lower animals. "This instinct," he says, "is no doubt a very amiable and charming thing; very self-sacrificing, delightful to contemplate. But we confess we have never seen it proof against a shot in the hinder parts, nor, indeed, do we believe it can be. The larger monkeys certainly carry off their wounded whenever it is possible; but we have heard with pain from the natives, assertions which, we must confess, throw strong suspicions on the purity and disinterestedness of their motives. The natives assert that they carry off their dead; or if they are wounded, at once amiably put them out of pain, covering them over with leaves, and let them lie so, like the babes of the wood, for some days; but that when they consider that their deceased friends have become sufficiently tender, they assemble and enjoy the epicurean feast, and that all their apparent sensibility really arises from their *liking their own monkeys a little high!*"

A Queer Mistake.—An ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but, by mistake, he committed the office of baptism for those of riper years; so, when the clergyman asked him, in the church, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom answered, in a very solemn tone, "I renounce them all." The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool!" to which he replied, "All this I steadily believe."

THE SYMPATHIES OF THE HEART.

How much, how very much of human life, its many disquietudes, its heartfelt sufferings and wearying cares may be learned from the faces and casual remarks of the wayfarers in a great city. Often a sigh is breathed into our very ear by some burdened heart, unconscious that it hath thus betrayed its sorrows; and we are startled at hearing some low word of regret or tone of entreaty from the lips of those whose garments might otherwise have brushed by us with no word of comment; but no sooner is the slightest key presented revealing another heart, than our sympathies start at the touch; we look back, perhaps turn, that we may get a sight of the face whose heart has thus been, as it were, made known unto us. We speak here only of the profounder feelings of the human bosom, lying too deep for tears, and far, far too deep for smiles; there where deep calleth unto deep in the recesses of that book of mysteries, the human soul.

If we are in a cheerful mood the sight of another face beaming with smiles, or simply tranquil—that holiest of all states of the mind—is welcomed by us with a kindred feeling of pleasure. Even when sad of heart ourselves, if affliction have not made a Marah of bitterness within us, we witness the sight of cheerfulness in others with a gentle benevolence, giving thanks that the light of the great and beautiful earth is not darkened to every eye; but a sad face, one that beareth the superscription of sorrow—the still, soul-speaking traces of endurance—awakens our holiest interest, our heart goeth out in compassion, and we would fain whisper the language of condolence. Most sweet and blessed is this ordination of the Divine will, that in a world like this, where joy is but the oasis in the great desert of suffering, heart should thus beat responsive to heart in its utterance of distress; that its going forth should be more prompt at the great call of weariness and grief than mirth or gladness. Yet let no one believe his heart to be right who curls the lip in scorn or discontent when a glad face appealeth to his own. No, no, whatever be our own lot, let us rejoice with those that do rejoice, and the more that such are in the world, keeping our souls fresh with the dew of youth.

TAKING NOTES.

A great many years ago there was a clergyman in a town in Massachusetts, whom we may call Rev. Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favorite servant, by the name of Cuffee. As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased as anybody in the house; and he probably entertained a high respect for himself. On the Sabbath, he might have been seen in the minister's pew, looking round with a grand air, and, so far as appearance indicated, profiting quite as much by his master's preaching as many others about him. Cuffee noticed, one Sunday morning, that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon and he determined to do the same thing. So, in the afternoon, he brought a sheet of paper and pen and ink. The minister happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw the negro "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching his paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes, however, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little about the wonderment of his master. When the minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study. "Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting this afternoon?" "Doing, massa? Taking notes!" was his reply. "*You*, taking notes?" exclaimed the master. "Sartin, massa; all the gentlemen take notes." "Well, then, let me see them," said Mr. Cogswell. Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper; and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen spiders, dipped in ink, had marched over it. "Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes." "Well, massa," Cuffee replied, "*I thought so all the time you was preaching.*"

LET THEM ALONE.

Why won't you let other people do as *you* always want to do, viz: as they've a mind to?

Have you any more right to exercise free agency than they have?

You don't want anybody telling you when to go out, and when to come in; when to eat, and when to refrain from eating; what garments you need, and what you don't need; how long you must sit in the dark before you light a lamp; when you shall go to bed, and when you shall get up; when you shall spend your own money; how you shall arrange your hair; how you shall dress your children; and how you shall manage your business, or your family. You don't want anybody meddling with everything you do and say, and with everything you don't do and say; why, then, will you constitute yourself a committee of examination and arrangement in behalf of others? Don't you know that every person has a right to act according to his own will and pleasure, without let, hindrance, or questioning from any other person? This—if he be not a minor, or a dependent, and even *then* 'tis a question how *far* he is to be hampered and pried into. Don't you know that "mind your own business," and "let other folks alone," are commandments of unquestionable importance to your neighbor's comfort? Surely, you do know it, or if not, you are old enough to do so.

A Fool for a Wife.—Dr. Johnson said: Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them; but they always fail. There is a spaniel fool and a mule fool: the spaniel fool may be made to do by beating, the mule fool will neither do by words nor blows, and the spaniel fool often turns mule at last. And suppose a fool to do pretty well, you must have the continued trouble of making her do. Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge.

Tit for Tat.—The Hon. Edward Everett, when a young man just out of college, was invited to give an oration in the city of Salem. At the dinner, Judge Story called up Mr. Everett by the following sentiment: "Fame follows applause where *ever it* (Everett) goes!" Mr. Everett rose instantly, and gave the following: "The members of the legal profession! However high may be their aspirations, they can never rise higher than *one Story!*"

Value of a True Thought.—We look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common sense, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

Misfortunes are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

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STANDING ARMIES.

We do not believe in standing armies, as kept up by the leading European nations. We think it could be shown from the examples of history, that such establishments have, oftener than otherwise, proved dangerous, and not unfrequently fatal, to the liberties of the people. In the first place, dependence on a permanent mercenary equipment, rather than on volunteer force, tends to weaken the patriotism and destroy the military character of a nation. Standing armies have been especially destructive to Republics—not so to despotisms, of which they are naturally props and parts. The proud old States of Greece stood firm and triumphant so long as their arms were borne by "citizen soldiery." The intervention of mercenaries finally brought their armies and their destinies within reach of whatever personal ambition could offer the largest bribe. Rome was a conqueror so long as Romans bore the *pilum* and the *shield*. When these became too heavy for their effeminate hands, and were given over to barbarian allies and slaves, the Roman purple was on sale to whoever could bid highest to the "Prætorian Guard."

However patriotic and self-reliant a people may be at the beginning, their manly spirit must be debauched by the growth of standing armies. The soldier, except he springs from the ranks of the people at the call of his country, seems to us one of the most mercenary and abhorred of men—a hired cut-throat; and Swiss Guards, at Rome and Paris, have demonstrated that such will cut throats for whoever will hire them. Mexico and the Central and South American Republics show how people fare who fall under military government, the perpetual prey of the best paying plunderers and bravoes. The Macedonian Empire fell the moment its armies halted from foreign conquest and were free to fall back upon themselves and their country. Under his military establishment of Mamelukes, the Turk came to see no safety for his throne short of their total extinction. History abounds *with illustrations in point—not the least of which* are linked with the careers of Napoleon I. and III.

Thus far we have denied ourselves the "expensive and corrupting luxury" of a standing army, to any considerable extent. We have kept up a "hired corps" for the purpose of hunting down a few freedom-loving Indians in Florida—a most miserable and wasteful business, having more to do with "fat contracts" than with extirpating Billy Bowlegs. In the Revolution and the war of 1812 we did our own fighting, and did it nobly. In the Mexican war volunteers from the ranks of the people carried our banners to victory. On the frontier we have never failed when we trusted to volunteers, but signs are that our "regular army" expedition against Utah will be disastrous beyond all value of victories that may be won.

Yet, we hear a Cabinet officer and Members of Congress calling for an increase of the "regular army." Nay, give us rather Gen. Scott's volunteer system. Let our people do their own fighting, and not put their arms and fortresses in the hands of mercenaries. We do not care how efficiently trained a corps of captains and engineers are turned out from West Point to discipline and command, but let the rank and file be volunteers. Americans may well be suspicious and fearful of large military establishments in their midst. Their forefathers had a seven years' war in the struggle to throw off a tyranny upheld by such establishments. Our people, as at present trained, are a vast militia, always ready, and equal to any emergency. God forbid that we should take our trust from them and give it over to "Mamelukes" or "Prætorian Guards."

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OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

In a former article, we treated the observance of the Sabbath mainly in the light of its divine sanctions—as a day of rest ordained by God, and one of the chief institutions of Christianity. Viewed in these characters alone, its claims to reverent observance are, to our mind, ample and imperative. But if the day were stripped of all these sanctions, and considered solely for its temporal benefits, it would still commend itself for observance to every enlightened mind. As a sanatory provision for man, by which to recreate his physical being, and furnish a point from which to review and revise the weekly record of his life, the Sabbath bears more the character of a divine than a human appointment. It meets, in these respects, a universal human need, and not only a human need, but the need of all creatures compelled to labor for man. If God had not ordained the day, man would have been forced to adopt an inferior substitute.

Several years ago the English Parliament instituted an inquiry upon this subject, for the purpose of ascertaining the sanatory influence of the Sabbath upon the working classes. It was found that both the moral and temporal condition of the land-tilling class, who were accustomed to reverence the Sabbath, were greatly superior to those of the mining, factory and mechanic classes, who, particularly in cities and populous districts, scarcely heeded it. Irreverent of the Sabbath, these latter were found, almost universally, giving up the day to the ale-house, the gaming-table, and various other dissipations, thereby not only squandering their week's earnings, and leaving their families to misery and want, but also losing a portion of the week as the fruit of the Sabbath debauch. Destitute homes, drunkenness, blasphemy, riot, and all the long catalogue of vices and crimes, were found especially traceable to Sabbath-breaking.

The same is true, in a degree, of similar classes throughout Christendom. Our own community furnishes abundant parallels. Our police reports have long demonstrated that the Sabbath has furnished more items for the criminal record than any other day of the week. Thousands of laborers on Sunday devote their time, their earnings, the comfort of their families, and their own health and independence, to the slavish bondage of idle, and often of beastly dissipation. In drinking and gaming holes, concerts and theatres, excursions, &c., they squander what would otherwise surround their homes with comfort and happiness. Sabbath-breaking and its associations are the source of the poverty and ruin of thousands in our midst. Yet, palpable as is this fact, the public authorities tolerate a multitude of Sunday nuisances—theatres, concerts, dance-houses, dram-shops, &c., &c.—for the suppression of which there is at present ample law. Is it because the authorities themselves disregard the Sabbath, the law, public order and decency, or are they politically afraid to perform their duty?

Let us hope the time has come when the thoughtful will combine to put an end to this evil state of things. All sympathy for Sabbath-breaking, considering its baneful fruits, is morbid and wrong. It were better to go back to Puritan severities, than stand where we are. But there can be no real severity in enforcing the respect due to the Sabbath. *If any one thing, more than another, can bless toiling man—cover the ragged with whole garments—make the desolate hearth cheerful—fill the empty purse—lift the degraded to self-respect and respectability—make individuals and families prosperous and happy, and convert society into a picture of beauty and harmony, it is* A CHRISTIAN OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH. This will prolong life, give the physical man renewed vigor, and the spiritual man that strength which rests upon an intelligent conviction of its relations in the present and the future life. The observance of the Sabbath is vital to all, especially to the young. It brings them within the influence of Sabbath schools, the sacred desk, the society of the virtuous, and the commandments of God. *No community non-observant of the Sabbath, can be virtuous, prosperous or happy.*

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PERSONAL AND GRATIFYING.

Some few months ago, the editor of a little country paper sent us a story, written by a lady friend of his, which he desired us to publish and pay for. For reasons unnecessary to state, we declined his proposition. Last week he sent us a "marked copy" of his paper, containing an article abusive of the LEDGER. We smiled at this puny attempt at abuse, as we do at all such efforts, knowing that our own readers, who constantly peruse the LEDGER, are THE BEST JUDGES of what it contains, and that vituperative attacks only have the effect of making them think still more of it. We publish the following letter, simply because it shows how such unprincipled and scurrilous articles as the one referred to operate.

MR. BONNER:—Will you read the enclosed, and then tell me whether or not it [an abusive article] can possibly refer to the NEW YORK LEDGER—*our* LEDGER—the paper which I give my innocent children to read, the perusal of which I ever look forward to as a *great*—yes, the *greatest* pleasure, aside from the reading of my Bible, that I enjoy; the paper which gives my husband his evening delight—that on Thursday evening is always brought on with the tea-tray, to bless and cheer our evening meal; the paper that makes my little ones' eyes dance with joy in hopes that "Fanny Fern (bless her child-loving heart) has something about little boys and girls;" the paper that I have always considered faultless? If the article I enclose *does* refer to *our* LEDGER, how blind I must be, how blind I must have long been, for I have taken this "dreadful paper" ever since the fifth number of the volume before the last, and neither I nor my husband have, *in all this time*, seen anything in it that we did not like—not even one coarse word.

How well I remember that "fifth number." There stood my work-basket on the little stand, filled with tiny aprons, stockings, and sundry other little garments waiting "mother's" tired fingers, with many rents to weary them still more, and above them all the LEDGER—a new joy! I will not whisper of the work left undone, nor lisp how "he" *almost* said "plague take it," when the button which *should* have been on that wristband was among the things that were *not*. But thenceforth the LEDGER was our weekly guest; and I have been unable to discover any of the "frivolous things" in it which this vulgar editor, who abuses you, so vulgarly raves about. He seems to be beside himself. "What has hurt him?" Does your paper interfere with his? Perhaps so, for I have noticed that about every good article or story he publishes is taken from *our* LEDGER, without any "credit" to you—(I believe "credit" is the word.) But, as our clergyman said last evening, perhaps there is another NEW YORK LEDGER—some spurious imitation that this man has got hold of. If so, the mystery is explained; if not so, then this censorious editor must be a poor, wretched creature to tell such awful big stories about *our* paper.

As you have not replied to his attack, I suppose you must consider it beneath your notice, and may think that I am taking a great deal more trouble than the subject deserves. But the truth is, I felt vexed to think there should be such a libellous falsehood published about my pet paper, and it was *necessary* for me to do *something*. Do not call me a goose for noticing it; if you do, I shall then get angry with *you*; but you can't make me mad at *our* LEDGER.

In conclusion, believe me, in spite of the —— prater, an admirer of your paper.

C. M. R.

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"VIRTUOUS CHILDREN."

A good-tempered, well-mannered child, is one of the most beautiful and blessed things of earth—the divinely human bud of a divinely flowering humanity. If children knew how much, by pleasant courtesy to one another and cheerful obedience to their parents, they can command of admiration and love, they would surely cultivate good behavior and delight in it. In the social economy of the Chinese, irreverence towards parents and the aged, is regarded and punished as the most culpable act of childhood. Hence the universal modest and humble deportment of Chinese youth. They are not accustomed to nicknames and bickerings among themselves, and their intercourse with their elders is always deferential. These admirable habits of childhood, encouraged and cultivated by all proper consideration on the part of their parents and society, as well as by fundamental edicts of the State, seldom forsake them in maturer years.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is one of the Divine commandments, and the just punishment of childish irreverence toward the aged, may be learned from the history of the children who mocked Elijah. First of all, let children honor their parents—and if they honor, they will love and obey them. Let them avoid evil communications and evil companions. Let them keep their hearts and their tongues pure. Let them be sincere and honest. Let them speak the truth always—no matter what the temptation to falsehood, speak the truth—truthfulness in childhood is the chiefest of jewels. It was her virtuous children, which the noble mother, Cornelia, held up to those who taunted her with her poverty. "These," she exclaimed, "are my treasures!" Virtuous children, trained to become an honor to themselves and to their country. What greater blessing, what nobler source of pride could parents have? Every child should commit to memory the fourth and fifth chapters of Proverbs, and bind them on the heart. There the wise man has written, for the instruction of children, what is pleasing to God and man.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

LADY-SKATING.

Future generations will probably be born with a back-bone; ladies have taken to skating! The saints be praised! no more crooking over "registers" in skin-drying parlors, with pallid faces and throbbing heads. Fashion for once has done the female world a good turn, and we grasp her hand for it, in the name of those timid souls who never dare venture away from her royal apron-strings, and in the name of countless cradles yet to come. Think of it! Emancipation for narrow-chested mothers, and their dead-and-alive, nipped-up, sentimental, snail-creeping daughters, whom nobody but the undertaker ever contemplates with satisfaction. The gods be praised!

Of course Cupid will lurk in those skate-straps; of course manly fingers will tremble, not altogether with cold, as they adjust them round nice ankles. As if I didn't know; as if female skating never was in fashion before 1858; as if there was not once a nice pond where—but that's a digression.

As I was going to say, the times are certainly improving. I am not referring now to the "N. Y. Times." I was thinking of New England, where a *minister* was lately discovered *skating!* Imagine the pious horror of his "constituents." Imagine what a surfeit of starch and buckram he must have been bursting with, before he dared break through the ice. No more Puritan babies named after *him*. No more donation parties, and black surplices, and embroidered book-marks, and sets of shirts made by the ticklish fingers of old maids of the parish; no more silver mugs presented to the unholy offspring of a man who disgraced his calling by using muscles which of course the Lord made only to dry up and wither. Bless him! I wish I had been there to clap him on his clerical back, and buckle his skate-straps. I should believe in the millennium, could I see a whole flock of black coats gliding like emancipated crows over the ice.

I tell you I feel encouraged. The devil has had it his own way long enough, making goodness so sour-visaged and straight-laced as to drive everything that was human into the alluring but withering clasp of vice. Beat him at his own weapons, if you want to thin his ranks. It suits him to a charm to see the saints crawling and sniveling round creation, till everybody feels as if God put us here to torment us, and as if it were a mortal sin in his eyes to be happy, and rebel accordingly. Out upon such a religion! Lift up your church roofs, and give your creeds an airing. Stop boring restless children to death with long services on Sunday, and then capping the climax of their disgust by telling them, with an oracular air, that "Heaven is one eternal Sabbath." No wonder they are in no hurry to go there. What right have you to fence it in with such narrow boundaries? I am sure there's not an angel there that would consider your

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound"

any accession to their choir. The sincerest Christians I ever knew were the cheerfulest, the lovingest. I hate that stilt-ified, dismal, unchristian religion, which sniffs nothing but dead carcasses in a world full of life and brightness and beauty, and all for our seeing and enjoying within innocent and proper limits, of which you, by reason of your biliousness, can be no judge. I deplore its blighting effects on the young bounding natures which cannot, and will not, and *ought* not to believe it acceptable to God. "O sing unto the Lord a *new* song. Sing unto the Lord *all the earth*."

FANNY FERN.

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PREJUDICE!

Does not such a caption suggest the exclamation point? How unworthy of the mind of him "created only a little lower than the angels," is prejudice!

The chief fountain of prejudice is ignorance. Persons of inquiring minds are seldom troubled with this mental disease—for that *is* a diseased state of the mind which leads one to prejudice anything. The healthy intellect demands all the facts. It comes to a judgment on any given question in religion, science, morals, etc., only after weighing all the facts accessible. It does not settle down in a belief until its own natural logic is satisfied. It is vain to quote the judgment of other minds, be they never so venerable or distinguished, for its acceptance. And when it has come to a conclusion for itself, it is still open to the re-consideration of the point decided, on the presentation of new light theron from whatever source—for the unprejudiced mind is no respecter of persons. With it truth is truth, come whence it may. To it all truth is beautiful.

How different is the prejudiced mind in its action. It accepts the belief of the past, without question. To it the language of "authority" is everything. It may be of a certain church, or party—of a certain "great man"—of an ancestor merely—perhaps a grandfather, whose only claim to consideration lies in the fact that he *is* a "grandfather!"

Thus prejudice builds walls between the mind and truth, and puts it into a sort of perpetual banishment.

Were this all prejudice does, it would not prove such a powerful architect of evil. But it is not. It stops not, in its consequences, with the individual mind. It builds walls of brazen strength and icy coldness between nations as well as individuals, and converts into enemies those who else would be friends.

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RUFFIANLY LAWYERS.

Rows among lawyers, while trying causes, are becoming disgracefully frequent in this city. Indecent language and virulent blackguardism, alike disgraceful to the Bar and disrespectful to the Bench, have become so common in our courts as no longer to excite remark; and even a regular "set-to," enlivened and diversified with the hurling of inkstands and the oaths and shouts of enraged combatants, is permitted to pass without punishment. This should not be. It is bringing our courts into contempt, and degrading what should be temples of justice into pugilistic arenas, minus the decorum and fair-play of "the ring." Should *clients* commit such disgraceful acts, there would be some excuse for *them* in the annoyances and exasperations incident to litigation and the law's delay. But a *lawyer* is disciplined by professional training to take a legal and civil view of every subject, and under all circumstances to uphold, and act according to, the law; and when in open court *he* descends from the advocate to the ruffian, or from the gentleman to the blackguard, he is without excuse, whatever the provocation, and should be punished to the utmost permissible extent. If some Jacksonian judge would act in a manner worthy of his high office, and on a proper occasion send some of these ill-mannered lawyers to prison on bread and water for a few months, and fine them heavily besides, we might reasonably indulge a hope that our courts would be no more disgraced by unseemly contentious and ruffianly collisions.

EGOISM.

BY MARY FORREST.

I is a colossus, beside which, the statue of Rhodes is a mere circumstance. I strides the universe, a foot at either pole, and all things that were, and are, and are to come, pass between his mighty legs. Yet he lifteth his head into the clouds, and standeth like Jove among his thunderbolts—magnificently serene.

I is no dumb colossus, like the stone-hewn Apollo of the Rhodians. I is eloquent—grand-iloquent. Colossal sounds well up from his colossal chest, and roll in colossal words from his colossal mouth—with colossal effect.

I is not blind nor deaf. His great eyes take in all that is done in the heavens above and the earth beneath; while his great ears catch every sound sublunar and each tinkle of the spheres.

I is the world's hero. A broad banner floats always from his flag-staff, and its glaring inscription is ever the same "veni, vidi, vici." He is on every battle-field achieving incredible victories in the face of incredible dangers; he rules the issue of all successful adventures, and eschews any knowledge of discomfiture or defeat. He is the soul of chivalry—irresistible in tact—indomitable in will—invincible in strength—unmatched in prowess.

I is the world's genius;—a rarer combination than Shakspeare—a loftier poet and poem than Milton—a greator orator than Cicero—a grander master than Michael Angelo—a profounder philosopher than Plato.

I is the great originator, whom all the world are imitating.

I is the world's prophet; his every thought an inspiration—his every word an oracle. The divine light within him is no soft stealing effluence, but a darting tongue of flame, seeking out and searching all who turn aside, or deny oblations.

I is the world's philanthropist. He ministers unto the sick, clothes the naked, feeds the starving, visits the prisoner, and wages war against the oppressor: not after the manner of Christ, nor the John Howards and Florence Nightingales of later days, but in a beautiful esoteric, theoretic sense, or with homilies of finest warp and woof, and round, sonorous periods.

I is the world's reformer. The giant in seven-league boots, so famed in history, was a babe in the wood compared with our colossus of progress, with a foot at either pole, and his head in the clouds; the grand embodiment—the base and apex of reform—progression's ultimatum—a culminated millennium!

I is the omnipresent—the do-all and dare-all of the world.

I is omnipotent—the world's towering ubiquity.
I is omniscient—the world's know-all and be-all.
I is the Alpha and Omega.
I is the I AM.

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A CITY INCIDENT.

A young man, who says his maternal residence is in a small village in Orleans county, in this State, whom we will call Augustus Smith, (withholding his real name for obvious reasons,) was walking along Chambers street, in this city, a few days since, when all at once a musical voice said, directly behind him, "Is this your pocket-book, sir?" and on turning round he saw what he says was "the handsomest creature he ever beheld" modestly holding towards him a neat-looking portmonnaie. He blushed, and said no; and then the "handsomest creature," etc., walking along in the direction he was going when she stopped him, said she "wondered whose it *could* be!" and asked him to open it, and see if there was any name inside. He did open it, and found no name, but considerable money in gold and bank bills. The young lady, who was richly and tastefully dressed, said it was queer, and asked what she had better do with it. Augustus Smith gallantly replied that she had better keep it; to which she demurred, saying she would take it to her "pa," who would try to ascertain the owner of it. At this stage of affairs the young lady slipped, and would have fallen, had not Augustus caught her in his arms; she nearly pulled him over, but by an unusual display of agility he succeeded in planting both himself and the young lady firmly on their feet. Immediately after this his beautiful companion observed, with much surprise, that she was going in the wrong direction, and politely thanking and bidding him good day, she turned and walked hastily back. Augustus watched her with much interest until she disappeared around the corner of Chambers street and Broadway, when he pursued his sight-seeing tour around the city. Having occasion to make a purchase a short time afterwards, he felt for his pocket-book, and found it not. *Then* he remembered that he had read in the papers about the deceitful syrens of the Metropolis, and blushed to think of the rosy dreams in which he had been indulging about the "fair lady" who had robbed him. He will, doubtless, shun "handsome girls" with ownerless "pocket-books" when he visits New York hereafter.

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A BIT OF ADVICE.

A youth who describes himself as being healthy and stout, and eighteen years old, writes us for advice. He says he came from the country to the city a few months ago, with a few dollars in his pocket, to seek employment; that he has failed to find anything to do, is ashamed to go back home, for fear his friends will laugh at him for his want of success in fortune-hunting, and has decided, if some "chance doesn't turn up quickly," to try a dose of laudanum, or jump off the dock. Our advice to this healthy, stout eighteen-year-old is, that if he hasn't the moral courage to correct the wretched mistake he made in leaving a comfortable country home, by returning thither or striking out into some other "rural district," he isn't man enough to make any mark in this world, and had better dump himself off the dock and become fish-bait as soon as possible. Only think of it, a young man, single, healthy and stout, going to commit suicide, because, in this over-thronged city, he can't find employment. Shame on such a dastard—he ought to be "strapped," and sent back to the honorable plow and hoe which, doubtless, he considers too conetmptible an occupation. We have known a good many youths of this sort, and never had but one opinion of them. They are innate cowards and vagrants, who squat at every obstacle and threaten to give up the ghost, but finally conclude to "loafer it" a little while longer. Let them go back to the country or jump off the dock, by all means.

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SIX SIGNS OF A FOOL.—A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things: anger without a cause; speech without profit; change without motive; inquiry without object; putting trust in a stranger; and not knowing his friends from his foes.

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HE who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguishable from him who does nothing.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

As most men imagine themselves to have an abundance of good reasons for dislike of their fellow creatures, they should be careful not to indulge in imaginary ones. And yet some people, forgetting the old precept, that it is bad to be taught by an enemy, have such a blind antipathy to a political opponent, that they will disclaim any opinion he adopts, and adopt any one he disclaims; which, as Bacon observes, is to make another man's folly the master of your wisdom. You split upon the rocks because he has avoided them; you miss the harbor because he has steered into it; give yourself up to any such blind antipathy, and you are no less in the power of your adversaries than if, by a corresponding irrational sympathy and obsequiousness, you put yourself in the power of your friends.

AN author is more annoyed by abuse than gratified by praise; for he looks upon the former as a wrong and the latter as a right—and a sense of pain is experienced in a more intense degree than that of pleasure. We have no bodily enjoyment to counterbalance an acute toothache, nor any mental one that can be a set-off against despair. Nowhere is this more glaringly illustrated than in the descriptions of our future rewards and punishments, the miseries of hell being abundantly definite and intelligible, while the heavenly beatitudes are dimly shadowed forth as "beyond the imagination of man to consider it."

ANTIQUITY is the young miscreant, the type of commingled ignorance and tyranny, who massacred prisoners in war, sacrificed human beings to idols, burned them as heretics and witches, believed in Astrology, Demonology, Sorcery, the Philosopher's Stone, and every other exploded folly and enormity. Still, Antiquity's example is gravely urged as a standing argument against innovation—in other words, improvement.

SUBMISSION to authority in matters of opinion is making names the measure of facts, deciding upon truth by extrinsic testimony not intrinsic evidence, surrendering our reason which is the revelation of God to the reasons of men. Better be a slave with an unfettered mind, than a pseudo freeman whose opinions are bond slaves to a name. Had authority always been our guide, we should still have been savages.

AT Dubuque, on the fifth inst., a beautiful young lady fell from a skiff in crossing the Mississippi, and instantly floated under the ice. A brave young gentleman broke through the ice, rescued her, and married her three days afterward. We think we have known many young gentlemen who failed to get wives because they were afraid to break the ice.

AN Atheist, if such an anomaly exists, must be the most miserable of beings. The idea of a fatherless world, swinging by some blind law of chance, through an infinite space, filled perhaps by nothing but suffering, unalleviated by the prospect of a future happier state, must be an agony to a man who has a single spark of benevolence in his heart.

"SIR," said a rather wild gentleman of an acquaintance of ours, "my wife had a fine little boy two nights ago, but unfortunately he died immediately after his birth." "I don't wonder," said a jovial friend, "that when he came into the world and saw who his father was, he went immediately out of it."

OLD Fuller says that many women in rich ornaments look inviting, whose beauty, when they undress, flies with their apparel. He might have added that many young women in poor apparel are vastly improved by the same operation.

THE leaves of most books are inferior to those of the book of Nature. They have the greenness without the freshness of the leaves of Spring, and the dryness without the moral of those of Autumn.

WE once looked with awe upon the Kentucky giantess, eight feet high lacking two inches. She was about the only woman we ever saw that wasn't in danger of *marrying beneath her*.

MR. Z. ROUND, an old and valued friend of ours, was recently elected magistrate in Wisconsin. That, we suppose, is what our Wisconsin friends consider *squiring a circle*.

"Do you know who I am?" said a police officer to a fellow whom he seized by the throat. "Not exactly, sir, but I reckon you are the *malignant collarer!*"

IT is a serious question with us whether every fisherman, however honest he may think himself, ought not to be indicted for *hooking fish*.

A LADY bathing in the sea may not be in a distressing predicament, though she is unquestionably in *a great pickle*.

SOME say that the quickest way of destroying "*weeds*" is to marry a widow. It is, no doubt, a most agreeable species of *husbandry*.

VERY few of us are fully conscious of our own defects. The hunchback does not see the hump on his own shoulders.

IT is the small troubles that wear the heart out. An elephant, that will face an army of men, makes an inglorious retreat before an army of gallinippers.

YOUNG ladies! if gentlemen propose to *ring* your fore-fingers, be careful they are not fellows who will wring your hearts.

THE weather has been perfectly calm in our section for several weeks. The wind has at no time been high. We wonder if anybody can *raise* it.

WE rather think gold and silver are, in these days, the most prized and effective of all *belle-metals*.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

A WELL-KNOWN rich man of this city was accosted by a little girl in the Park, a few days since, and besought for alms. "Get out of the way, you little thief!" angrily cried the "rich man," jerking his handkerchief from his coat pocket, and blowing his nose violently to distract attention from his brutality. As the handkerchief was jerked forth, a large pocket-book came with it, and fell to the ground unnoticed by its owner. The little girl seeing it, picked it up, ran after the man, and thrust it into his hand, saying, "Please, sir, you dropped this." "So you are not a thief, after all," said he, "and I'll reward your honesty;" whereupon he gave the poor, half-frozen child a *three cent piece!*

A LADY writing from Minnesota to a friend in this city, says: "The snows are so deep out here, the children walk on the surface among the tree-tops in search of birds' nests, which, in too many cases, they rob of their young." All we have to say to this is, that either the "snows" or the young birds are gratuitously put in that paragraph; the two things never come together.

THERE is a great religious revival in progress in this city. Numerous prayer-meetings are held daily and nightly, and unusually large accessions are rapidly being made to the membership of the churches. The same movement is also extending throughout Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa.

A WEALTHY shoe-dealer of Cleveland, was recently arrested on the charge of designing to fire his store It seems that an honest Dutchman in his employ had suspected and *watched him for two years*. On being arrested the unhappy man confessed his guilty intentions, as the proofs were overwhelming.

A KENTUCKY paper says that, in a township in that State, containing only thirteen hundred inhabitants, "there are some three hundred single, marriageable, handsome, and admirable girls." What are the young men of Kentucky about?

A YOUNG girl named Catharine Fletcher, engaged as a book-folder in a bindery in this city, a few days since committed suicide by taking arsenic, on account of abandonment by a scoundrel who had entrapped her into a sham marriage.

AT a recent fire in Newport, Rhode Island, the engine hose burst, and there was a cry for something to bind it with. A lady who was standing near promptly offered one of her skirts, which was found to be "just the thing," and the hose was soon doing effective service again.

IN removing, recently, a number of bodies from an old grave-yard in Allentown, Pa., two of the bodies were found to be petrified—one being as perfect in every feature as it was when first consigned to the tomb, fourteen years before.

A GENTLEMAN and lady, while skating recently on a pond near Boston, broke through the ice, and were rescued with much difficulty. The next day they were married.

A HUNTER named Hoosic a short time since killed a moose in North-western Missouri, which weighed, when dressed, eight hundred and thirty-nine pounds.

IT is reported that a broker of this city has made $250,000 since the commencement of the panic, out of the misfortunes of his fellow-citizens.

A MISSIONARY to China, named Father Montels, and two native converts to Christianity, were, not long since, beheaded by command of a military mandarin at Kiang-si.

A LITTLE girl, four years of age, recently died in Auburn, N. Y., from the effects of swallowing a pin that she was playing with. A caution to parents and nurses

MURIEL.

BY ALICE CARY.

The roses are in bloom at Muriel's window,
It is the moonlit middle of the May,
And she has stood with wet eyes since the morning—
Since the cold break of day,
Looking one way.

She sees the black woods from her cabin window—
Sees now and then the jets of red flame play
Over the lime-kiln on the stony hillside,
And she kneels down to pray,
Looking that way.

She wakes before the light, but not to listen
To the glad chirping that the robins keep;
Her heart is on the stony hillside, burning
In that red fiery heap,
And she is done with sleep

No piteous neighbors come with friendly greeting:
If you could hear them whisper, they would say,
"She made her bed with stones from out the lime-kiln,
And she may lie that way,
And she may die that way!"

Along the pane she sees the brown bee crawling,
And counts and counts again his golden streaks,
Not for their beauty, but find her number
Of weary, waiting weeks,
With pining, unkissed cheeks.

She winds her hair about her wasted fingers,
And counts, and counts upon the threads of gray.
Her wet eyes do not see the blooming roses—
God help her on the day
To which she counts that way

And so the May goes by—the summer closes—
The year goes blind with chilly rain and sleet,
And Muriel rests at last; of all the roses,
The fairest and most sweet,
Laid on her winding-sheet.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THORNTON AND HOFFMAN.

It is astonishing with what perseverance some men labor to destroy the only real basis on which happiness depends. Like children playing on the shores of life, they waste both energy and time in a vain attempt to rear a house of sand, instead of employing the more solid materials Providence has placed within their reach—materials which only require to be brought together to construct an edifice the tempests of the world may beat against in vain, leaving the structure majestic and uninjured.

To drop the tone of allegory, and convey our meaning more clearly to our readers, how frequently do we see mankind pursue the tortuous path of cunning, fraud, and crime, to arrive at fortune; although the nearer and broader one of integrity stretches itself invitingly before them. There are a few difficulties at its commencement, perhaps, and those difficulties appall them; they turn aside, or will not see it.

Carus Kearn was peculiarly cursed with this mental obliquity of vision. Like the serpent, he could never advance to the end proposed in a straight line. The turnings, windings, and doublings of deceit, appeared to possess an irresistible charm for him.

From boyhood he had been actuated by two strong passions; the love—it is we fear a profanation of the word—of his cousin Rachel, and the desire to inherit her father's wealth. We have seen already how the first hope failed him; time only can decide how far he is destined to prove successful in the second. Probabilities at the present moment seemed to favor him, for Mr. Bently continued as widely estranged from his daughter and son-in-law as ever; he never had, and judging from appearances, never could forgive what he considered an ill-assorted marriage.

It is an unwise thing for parents to attempt to dispose of the affections of their children. Hearts are not like merchandise—to be invoiced and transferred at pleasure, but will have a voice in their own disposal.

Many would-be philosophers have regretted that the heart cannot be regulated, wound up, and set to keep correct time, like a watch—forgetful that ideas of correct time may differ.

Could their vain desire be gratified, what a monotonous thing humanity would become!

The disappointment which Carus experienced on his cousin's marriage with George Hoffman—although it roused every malignant feeling dormant or active in his subtle nature, and inflicted a terrible blow upon his vanity and self-love—did not prevent that very calculating gentleman from making a very prudent match—prudent in the world's opinion; for the victim he selected was rich—the only charm she ever possessed in her husband's eyes. The portion he received with her enabled him to pursue the reckless game of speculation, and indulge in yet more debasing pursuits: for Carus was both a gamester and a sensualist.

Fortunately, a considerable portion of his wife's fortune had been settled on herself. The principal it was out of her power to touch; the interest only being paid to her receipt, and hers alone.

During the first years of this ill-assorted marriage Mrs. Kearn had, regularly as she received it, given every guinea of her income to her worthless husband. Finding at last that neither her patience, liberality, nor confidence met the slightest return, the outraged wife recollected that she was also a mother and had the interests of her boy to guard, and firmly refused to let him touch another shilling.

From that day Carus hated her, and began to consider how he might rid himself of her—not by violence—for he was not one of those melo-dramatic villains who care to risk their own dear safety—but by some deep-laid scheme which would separate them legally, and overwhelm her with disgrace in the opinion of the world.

He longed to be free—at liberty to marry again. He had made one profitable speculation in the market of Hymen, and saw no reason why he should not prove equally successful a second time.

If incapable of pursuing the open and direct path leading to the accomplishment of his designs, few men were more capable, as we before observed, than Carus in discovering the crooked one. Of this Machiavellian tact he had given proof in the plans so successfully carried out against the happiness and reputation of George Hoffman. He it was who first inspired Mr. Bently with the conviction that the securities long since realized in India, had been abstracted by his son-in-law; he it was who supplied Styles with the means of leading the man he hated step by step into the degrading vice of drunkenness.

Could he have succeeded in plunging him into crime as well, the triumph would have been complete.

About the same time that his victim escaped from his trammels, Carus Kearn made the acquaintance of a Captain Bland—a fellow whose nature was as specious as his name. Nothing could be more gentle than his manner, or engaging in his conversation, especially to those of the opposite sex. Admiration appeared vailed in respect; his warmth, that of sympathy—the most dangerous weapon that can be directed against a woman's heart. Then he appeared to be so fond of children, it was impossible not to like him. Mrs. Kearn soon began to feel a pleasure in his society, and draw dangerous comparisons between her visitor and Carus

In employing the term "dangerous," let us not be misunderstood. It is no tale of frailty or guilty passion that we are about to relate, but one of trial, suffering, temptation, and woman's triumph. The comparisons made by the neglected wife were dangerous in no other sense than they destroyed the last illusion—the lingering affection, which, despite his conduct, she still felt for her unworthy husband,

Scorn hardens the heart as fire tempers steel.

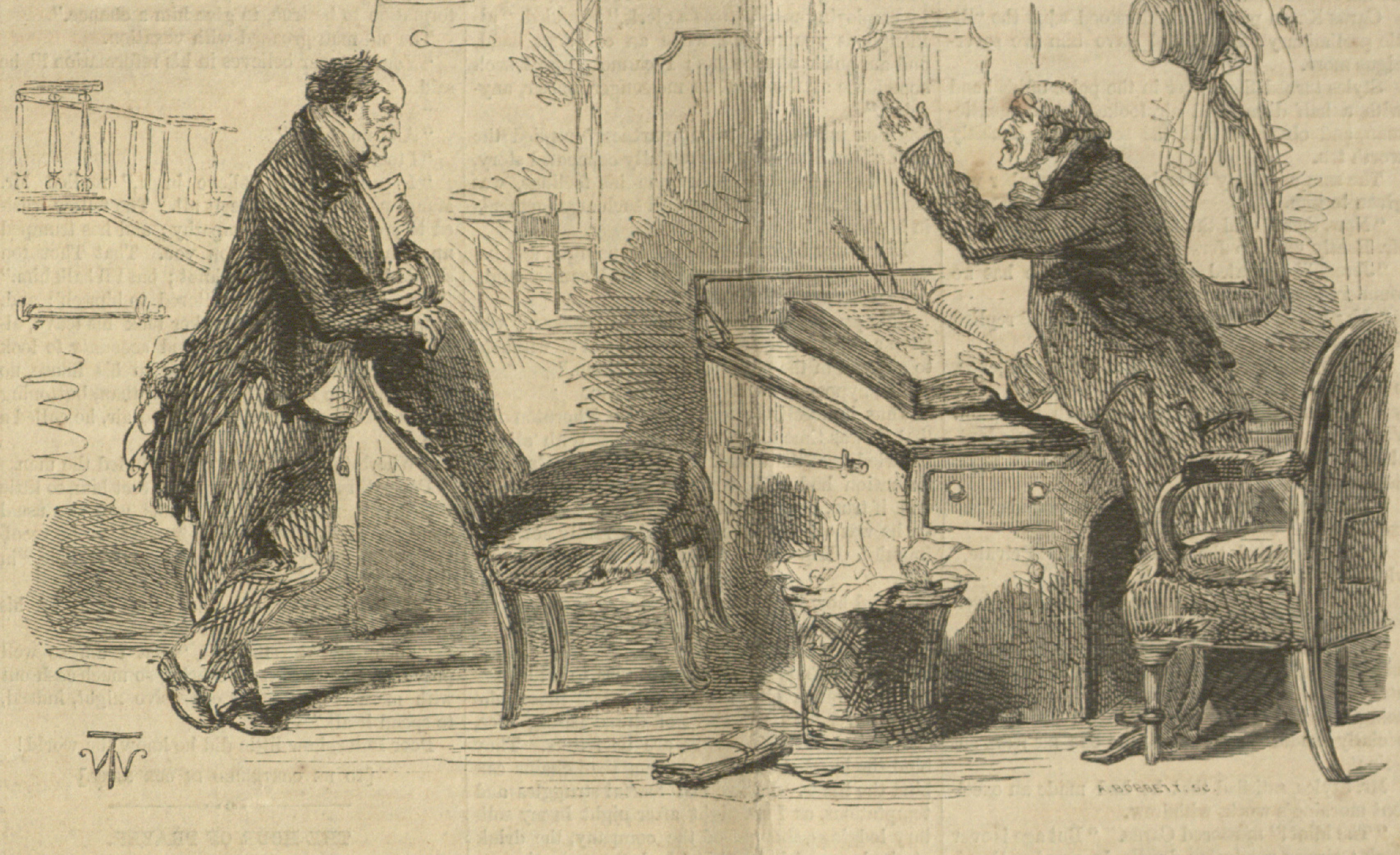
What Carus Kearn's intentions were, the progress of our story must develop. We have no wish to analyze them too closely.

As junior partner of the firm, he was not without a certain degree of influence with the clerks, more than one of whom, to curry favor with him, condescended to act the part of spy upon the proceedings of Peter Mangles, whose friendship for George Hoffman and affection for Rachel were the principal obstacles to the accomplishment of his designs; consequently, it was not long before he was made acquainted with the success of the recommendation of the latter to Mr. Thornton. to take him as director of the new establishment he was about to found. The intelligence was gall and wormwood to him, for it gave the victim a chance to escape from the poverty of his position, and to re-establish his name and character in the commercial world.

Carus saw but one way of preventing it—an appeal to the prejudices of his uncle; and this appeal he took the first opportunity of making

"I suppose, sir," he observed to him, shortly after the arrangement had been concluded, "that you have heard the intelligence?"

"I have heard a great deal lately," replied the merchant; "but to what do you more particularly allude?"



PETER MANGLES DECLARES HIS DETERMINATION.

"Mr. Thornton's new branch establishment in town."

"He is an enterprising man," observed Mr. Bently, "and deserves success. Never have the affairs of a firm been conducted with greater discretion and liberality."

"*Just at present*, I agree with you."

The marked emphasis upon the words, "Just at present," caused the old gentleman, who was busily occupied in looking over his foreign correspondence, to raise his eyes, and regard the speaker inquiringly.

"Everything will depend upon the party," his nephew continued, "whom he employs to conduct it."

"Doubtless."

"Have you any idea whom he has selected?"

"How should I?" answered his relative. "Mr. Thornton has not consulted me upon the subject."

"*I thought not.*"

"What mean you, Carus? Do speak plainly," said Mr. Bently. "You know that I was never good at guessing mysteries, and detest them."

"My position is a painful one," replied the hypocrite, "for I owe you everything, and am fearful of being misconstrued; but I had better encounter that risk than give you the right hereafter to reproach me for my silence, especially if the ruin of a man who possesses so many claims to your friendship should follow his ill-considered choice. Yielding to the solicitations of Mangles, Mr. Thornton has consented to intrust the direction of the new enterprise to George Hoffman"

His uncle reflected for an instant, and appeared disagreeably surprised by the intelligence.

"Are you quite sure of this?" he demanded.

"Quite."

"Mangles has acted incautiously," observed the uncle; "and yet I have no right to blame him, seeing that he acted as a private friend, and not as my cashier."

"I trust, my dear uncle, that you comprehend my motives," said Carus.

"*Perfectly*; and do not blame you for your doubts of the prudence of my old friend's choice, for I entertain the same; but he knows the young man's character; has acted with his eyes open, and must take the consequences. I do not see how I can interfere."

The nephew felt disappointed. He had anticipated a storm of anger, a hasty resolution to remonstrate with the manufacturer, to threaten the withdrawal of accommodation unless the appointment were canceled; but fearing to excite suspicion of his motives, he kept his feelings carefully to himself.

During the morning Mr. Bently took occasion to remonstrate privately with his clerk upon the subject. Peter listened to him impatiently. It was an affair which in no way concerned the firm, and the old man did not choose to be interfered with.

"It is my business, Richard," he said; "and whilst I do not neglect yours, can't see what you have to do with it. I have quite as much right to befriend George Hoffman, as you have to oppress him—more, for the balance must always incline to the side of kindness. I know whom you have received your information from—Carus. I can't understand you," he continued. "You are blind—obstinately blind. See only with his eyes—hear only with his ears, instead of trusting to your own. You judge your son-in-law through the opinions of the man who is most interested in ruining him. Is that wise? is it fair?"

"You are in error," replied his employer, calmly. "I judge him from myself"

"You imagine so."

"Did Mr. Thornton require any security?"

"I was his security."

"And recommendation?"

"Recommendation!" repeated Peter Mangles, sharply. "I thought you were aware that *I recommended him*. Security! Little as you may think of my influence in the city, permit me to tell you that my recommendation would be looked upon as satisfactory by the best houses upon 'change."

This was no idle boast—the speaker's character for intelligence on mercantile affairs did not stand higher than his reputation for probity and prudence.

"I see what it is, Richard," he resumed—"you intend to use your influence with Thornton, to induce him to withdraw from the arrangement."

"Why did you not inform me of it?" demanded Mr. Bently.

"Because I would not give the evil passions of your nature time to interfere," replied the clerk. "It is not my fault if the confidence of other days no longer exists between us: I have done nothing to forfeit it. But mark my words," he added, seriously; "you have frequently found me as unstable as the rates of interest, and led me as you pleased, but this time, Richard, I intend to be firm; do you hear me? Firm as your own obstinate temper; and if you interfere between George Hoffman and the chance I have procured him of redeeming himself, I not only withdraw from the house but join him in partnership, and start in business."

A smile of incredulity rested for an instant on the lips of his hearer; so improbable did it appear to him that the cautious, prudent Peter Mangles should ever risk the economies of his laborious life in such a speculation.

"You don't believe me," added the speaker, starting from his seat at the desk; "and very naturally not, I dare say, for you have turned me round your finger—molded me as you pleased; but this time I am resolved—firm as a rock—there, *I have sworn it.*"

He placed his hand, with solemn earnestness, upon the open page of the ledger before him. The oath—if oath it might be termed—was quite as binding upon him as if it had been laid on a far more sacred volume

"It is not my intention to interfere," observed Mr. Bently, calmly

Peter looked at him doubtfully

"Do you mistrust my word?"

"Not when it is given."

"I give it you now," replied his employer.

"Without reservation?"

"Mental or otherwise," answered the merchant. "If we have arrived at opposite conclusions on the character of my son-in-law, it is a misfortune, not a fault; we can neither of us help our convictions; and, strong as mine are, believe me, old friend, that I shall feel happy should it ever be in your power to convince me that they have been conceived in error. May you never have occasion to regret your generous confidence in one who violated mine; or my valued correspondent, Mr. Thornton, suffer from having yielded to your solicitations on behalf of your *protege*."

"That's the first sensible resolution you have come to for a long time, on the subject of George," observed the old clerk, "and I feel satisfied with it; but, as for his having violated your confidence, permit me to observe that his marriage with Rachel was not a *mercantile transaction*, consequently there was no confidence to violate; had there been, my opinion might have been shaken. It was an affair of the heart, I think they call it, debited and credited with affection on either side. Ah, Richard! Richard! I am afraid that we city men know too little about such things."

"You, at least, appear to be progressing in knowledge," replied Mr. Bently, with a smile.

"Because I have lately seen more than I ever suspected to have existed in the world of it," answered Peter. "You have no idea how Rachel and George love each other. Poor girl, she had almost made up her mind to part with him, when I told her how he had been employing his time, but that was your fault—you misled me."

"And the weak fool yielded to his solicitations," exclaimed her father, bitterly, "refused my forgiveness and the comforts of her girlhood's home, to share the fate of the man who had so frequently deceived her."

"On the contrary, George advised her to accept it."

"Indeed!"

"And she would have done so," continued the clerk, "had she not discovered that his nightly visits to the dreadful places you described—by-the-by, I wonder that you ever ventured to such scenes—were for no other object than the recovery of his lost son."

"And she believed him?"

"Yes."

"And do you believe him?"

"*Firmly*," replied Peter; "as firmly as I believe in the stability of the Bank of England, the acceptance of our firm, or any other unquestionable security. George was always truthful. But there, let us drop the subject. I must hasten into the city. Bless me!" he added, "there will be quite a panic upon 'change. I shall be an hour behind my time; such a thing never occurred before, since I have been cashier of the firm of Bently and Company."

The speaker hastily buttoned on his great-coat, took a large bill-case from his desk, put it in the breast-pocket, and walked out of the office with a brisk step and cheerful countenance; his heart felt all the lighter for the explanation he had had with his employer, whose promise not to interfere with the appointment of George was a great point in the latter's favor. His influence with Mr. Thornton might possibly have caused the manufacturer to rescind it.

"It is a painful task," exclaimed the merchant, looking after him, "to wear a mask with Peter. He thinks my heart is iron. Could he read it he would find its sternness is but seeming—but the time has not come yet. Those securities!" he murmured to himself, "those fatal securities! Were that doubt removed, how gladly would I acknowledge my son-in-law, receive my daughter to my arms, and bless her with a parent's fond affection. Patience! patience! the path I have entered into is a rugged one, but if followed to the end, must lead to happiness at last."

During the year which elapsed, the conduct of George Hoffman was all that could be desired by his most devoted wife and their mutual friend. Curious eyes of hate as well as of affection were fixed upon him, watching his progress; but nothing could be discovered to alarm the former, or gratify the malevolent feeling of the latter. Early and late he was in the counting-house of his new employer, displaying an activity and intelligence, an attention to his interests, which slowly but surely commanded both respect and confidence.

Peter Mangles, who now passed his Sundays *en famille* with Rachel and her husband, chuckled with delight. His fondest hopes were being realized; the long-suffering wife smiled again; a new era had dawned, and the only cloud which obscured its horizon was the uncertainty of the fate of her son.

One Saturday evening, on returning home, George found her dreadfully agitated, and in tears. He knew too well the cause of her sorrow, but dreamt not of the occasion which had so painfully renewed it.

"Still mourning," he murmured, folding her fondly to his breast.

"These are tears of joy," replied Rachel; "look here."

She placed a letter in his hand; he recognized the writing of his son.

Our readers, doubtless, have not forgotten the letter written by our hero on the eve of his departure for the school in Jersey, in which he stated that a benevolent gentleman had snatched him from the streets, and promised to provide for his instruction and future career. This letter the sudden abandonment of the house in the Belvedere-road had prevented Mr. Morton from delivering, and he had only just discovered the occasion. We need scarcely add that it was sent in a way which left no trace, or that it brought the best consolation—hope to the heart of the fond mother.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the reformed drunkard, "my boy has not been left to contend unaided against the vices of the world. Providence has been kinder to him than his father. Bless the benevolent stranger, whoever he may be."

Neither of his parents doubted for an instant the truth of their son's assertions, for Richard had never yet been guilty of a lie.

When the news was communicated to Peter Mangles, the kind old man fully shared their joy. At first, they had indulged a vague hope that he could give them some clue; but, however intelligent in all commercial matters, the clerk was a perfect child where the intrigues and accidents of life were concerned. He had never mingled with them.

"When was that letter written?" he asked.

Fortunately the letter was not dated. It might have been but yesterday.

That night Rachel slept with it under her pillow. Balm had been poured upon the wound her heart had received. True, it was not healed—the presence of her boy alone could accomplish that—but its agony was assuaged, the hope which had supported her appeared brighter than ever. Heaven seemed to have sent it as a recompense for her trials and long-enduring patience under misfortune

When his clerk related the circumstance to Mr. Bently, the latter changed color, and seemed visibly affected.

"Does he say where he is?" he asked.

His informant shook his head in the negative.

The merchant appeared somewhat relieved.

"We shall find him, Richard," replied Peter. "Providence is wiser than we know. I never thought so much on these things before. Only to think of raising up a friend for the poor deserted boy on that terrible night, when everything appeared to have conspired to accomplish his ruin. I wonder who the gentleman is. He has sent him to school, too! I hope they attend properly to his ciphering and handwriting. His father was always clever at figures."

"And do you really think that Providence directed this?"

"I am sure of it," replied Peter; "and you must be blind if you are not of the same opinion. It was necessary to strike a great blow to bring George Hoffman to a sense of his folly, and the blow was struck. The loss of his son, the despair of his wife, reclaimed him. Heaven would not permit the instrument of its purposes to perish, and wisely raised the boy a friend—one who performed the duty his—that is," he added, correcting himself, for he felt unwilling to create pain, "which those nearest to him had neglected."

Mr. Bently regarded him with surprise; he had never heard Peter either so eloquent or so philosophical before.

"You must be a miserable man, Richard," continued the speaker, "when you reflect on the sufferings your obstinacy has created. But there, I will not reproach you; take your own way; the same good angel which watched over the poor lad, will soften your heart at last."

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps!" repeated Peter: "It would be wicked to doubt it. Do you imagine that you will be permitted to die at variance with your only child? It is not in nature. Her voice may be stifled in health, prosperity may blind us; but when the hour of sickness comes, and we lie upon our solitary pillow, reflection comes with it; the rock is struck, and——

"Say no more," interrupted the merchant, hastily; "the picture is gloomy."

"But truthful," muttered the former. "I have done. I saw Mr. Thornton to-day, and he speaks in the highest terms of George Hoffman, his intelligence, industry, and perseverance. Perhaps he is a little too speculative," added the speaker, thoughtfully; "but all his speculations have hitherto been successful. The concern is extending rapidly; he talks of throwing more capital into it—of taking your son-in-law *as a partner*."

"A partner!" repeated Mr. Bently.

"Yes, Richard; and I think of throwing a certain amount of capital into the concern to assist him; and now the murder's out."

"How much?"

"Well, not much *at first*," replied Peter; "four thousand pounds."

Never had his employer betrayed so much astonishment. That his old clerk should risk such a sum appeared to him something so extraordinary, that he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses.

He muttered something about the risk.

Mangles caught the word, and looked rather serious.

"On the conduct of a man, too, whose integrity is doubtful."

The countenance of the old man lighted again.

"I thought you had some solid objection to offer," he observed, "but find it is only your old prejudice. I have every month gone over Mr. Thornton's books, not for my own satisfaction, but for George's, and never saw accounts better kept. Clear, Mr. Bently, clear and intelligible as your own. Not a penny has been expended that is not vouched for—the balance right to a fraction. Integrity I always told you he was as honest as my ledger."

"How do you intend to raise the sum you name?" inquired his employer, who knew that Peter's money was all invested, either on mortgage or in shares in several well-established companies.

Peter Mangles scratched his ears—a habit when anything puzzled him—not that he felt the slightest difficulty in procuring the sum, or five times the amount: that was easy enough; it was the embarrassment of choice, the effort to make up his mind what securities to realise. A certain number in the fire and life office paid him nine per cent.—of course he could not think of parting with them; and his shares in the gas company were equally profitable.

"I must call in Howard's mortgage," I suppose, he observed, answering the difficulty in his own mind rather than the question of Mr. Bently.

"That will require time."

"A month or so."

"And it pays well."

"Only five per cent. The security is ample, and——"

"The investment is a safe one," interrupted the merchant, "and it would be a pity to withdraw it. *Transfer it to me*, and I will write you a check for the money at once; should your expectations of George's conduct and success be realized, you can redeem it."

Peter looked astonished, and felt yet more astonished than he looked! That the speaker should by any act of his, either direct or indirect, contribute to establishing his son-in-law, was something so remote from his calculations, that the old man could not comprehend it; and he not unnaturally suspected that he could not have clearly explained the purpose for which he required the money.

"Did you really understand me, Richard?" he exclaimed.

"Perfectly."

"What! that the money is——"

"To enable *your* friend to take a share in the firm which Mr. Thornton has recently established in London, and of which George Hoffman has hitherto been only the manager," said the merchant. "I see nothing so very extraordinary in my offer," he continued; "the security is unexceptionable. *You* are the party I oblige."

"That's true," murmured the clerk, with a sigh of disappointment.

"Still, I do not wish the transaction to be spoken of," observed Mr. Bently; "it might be misconstrued."

"No fear of that," muttered Peter, bitterly.

"Give rise to hopes that may never be realized; lead Rachel to——"

"Say no more," interrupted the old man, "say no more, Richard, or I shall refuse your offer at once."

"You accept it, then?"

"Yes."

The "yes" was rather reluctantly given; the motives of his employer not appearing quite so clear as the clerk could have desired.

That same week the transfer of the mortgage was made; and the money paid into the firm, on signing the deed of partnership. Henceforth the name of George Hoffman appeared in conjunction with the respected and well-established one of Mr. Thornton

It was a proud day, a very proud one for Peter Mangles; it has been asserted—but we must decline vouching for the fact—that in his excitement he absolutely entered an account in the day-book in the names of Bently and Hoffman, instead of Bently and Company, to the great disgust of Carus, whose malevolent feelings were still further increased by the air of triumph with which he imagined the old clerk regarded him.

It cannot be concealed that the hitherto successful schemer had some grounds for mortification. The man he hated—whose utter downfall he had foretold—done all in his power to accomplish—whom, when speaking of in the City, he had treated as an adventurer, a nonentity—had become a personage in the commercial world, had a signature and a standing upon 'Change; the reflection was gall and wormwood to him, and he determined once more to attempt his ruin; not by the means he had formerly used; he knew the world too well to expect the same scheme to succeed twice. This time, he resolved to strike not only at the happiness, but at the honor of his successful rival.

"George possesses the fool's virtue, gratitude," he argued with himself; "and believing that he is under obligations to Styles, will feel bound to serve him."

It was a fiend-like calculation, out of his own goodness of heart to weave the net that was to ensnare his victim.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CARUS KEARN PLOTS DEEPLY.

"Well, Styles!" exclaimed Carus Kearn, when the tempter of George Hoffman made his appearance at his chambers, "where have you been hiding yourself?"

"Where I have learnt much that concerns you," replied the man, in no very amiable humor; "and as for your not having seen me, the fault has been yours. I have called day after day, and still received the same answer, 'not at home.' Had you known what I know, it might have been different."

"But you have had your allowance regularly."

"Of course I have," observed the ruffian sullenly. "You *dared* not stop that."

The cheek of his employer flushed with shame and anger; the first was but a momentary feeling, and arose rather from pride than a sense of the degrading conduct which compelled him to listen to such a threat as the word "*dared*" implied, and passed away as quickly as it came. Prudence taught him to repress the latter, for he was completely in the speaker's power—so true is it that the bond of evil binds alike those who conceive and those who execute it, in a chain of mutual dependence on each other.

"I sent for you," he said.

"Because you require my services, I suppose."

"Exactly so."

"Well, let's hear what it is."

Without the slightest circumlocution—for the gentleman could speak plainly, although he seldom acted straightforwardly—Carus proceeded to inform him that George Hoffman had become a partner in the firm with Mr. Thornton, and proposed to him that he should wait upon the former, and, urging the plea of past friendship, endeavor to obtain a situation, either as entering-clerk or porter in the house. No matter how humble the position or how trifling the salary, they were disadvantages which money could make up to him. Gold was a commodity, when the gratification of his revenge or the furtherance of his interests was at stake, the speaker was by no means chary of, provided those he employed served him faithfully and unscrupulously.

Styles listened to him patiently. He quickly comprehended all that was expected from him, and expressed his perfect willingness to undertake the task.

"You must abstain from drink," observed the tempter. "George is a reformed drunkard."

"We can *both of us* do that in business," replied the man.

"And tell him that you have followed his example. Considering the past kindness and liberality on your part, he can scarcely refuse to employ you."

"I should say not, if he has any gratitude in him."

"That is the plea you must urge. If I know him rightly, he will not refuse to listen to you. Once in the establishment, the rest will be comparatively easy. But you must not apply to him in that dress. It savors too strongly of the taproom."

This was a remark which his visitor was far from disputing, since it implied a new suit of clothes. As a matter of course, he agreed that it would be perfect madness in him to present himself in the respectable counting-house of Thornton and Hoffman unless suitably attired.

Carus counted him out ten sovereigns for the purpose.

"You will take note," he said, "of all commercial transactions that may pass beneath your notice, and report them to me. But above all, contrive to get a sight of the bill-book, and ascertain whether George has the signature of the firm."

Styles nodded knowingly.

"The names of the houses they have business with."

The sign of intelligence was repeated.

"Where the cash is kept, and who retains the keys of the safe."

"I understand perfectly what you require," observed the ready tool.

"That done, I will give you further instructions."

Mr. Styles reflected some minutes before giving his unqualified adhesion to the proposal; not from any scruples of conscience—he was beyond such very vulgar prejudices—but simply because nothing had yet been uttered touching the recompense. Tampering with bills of exchange and robbery were widely different affairs from leading a weak, excitable man into drunkenness, and exposing him in that state before his friends, in order to confirm the opinion they already entertained of his unworthiness.

"The risk will be considerable," he observed; "the law is dreadfully severe on breach of trust. You, who keep in the background, and have plenty of money, might easily escape its meshes; but they would prove quite strong enough, in the event of discovery, to entangle me."

"Proceed," said Carus.

"After the game is played—that is, if I should venture to play it," resumed the drunkard, "none but a fool would remain in England. I should fear even my shadow—hesitate to take a glass, lest some unguarded word might betray me; for liquor unlocks the tongue. I must have the means of retiring to America."

"You shall have them."

"And of remaining there."

"Certainly."

"By remaining, I mean living there comfortably," observed Mr. Styles.

"And I mean so, too; for it would not be to my interest that you should remain in this country, or, once absent, ever return to it. The provision I intend for you is commensurate with the importance of the service I require. Hitherto I have found you faithful and intelligent in the execution of my orders; show but equal zeal in the execution of my present design, and my liberality shall keep pace with your deserving.

"But what is it," he added, recollecting the observations of the man on his arrival, "that you have discovered so deeply affecting me?"

"It concerns your uncle, Mr. Bently," replied the fellow.

"Indeed!"

"You were mighty curious to know *where* he went to in so mysterious a manner a few weeks since, without leaving his address even to that old fool, Mangles."

"Can you inform me?" demanded the plotter, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Tell me at once. I feel——"

"Not so fast, Mr. Carus," interrupted his agent. "There is a certain little preliminary to be arranged first. Gratitude is all very well, but I trust no man's gratitude too far."

Carus Kearn perfectly understood what the "little preliminary" meant, and gave him five sovereigns more.

Styles turned them over in the palm of his hand with a half dissatisfied air, looked at the gentleman, and observed that the secret was honestly worth ten.

The sum necessary to make up the number was given to him.

"Now, then," said the fellow, "I will speak out. Mr. Bently went to Jersey."

"Jersey!" repeated the nephew; "he has no commercial affairs there."

"*No; but he has got a boy at school there,*" replied his informant.

Carus bounded from his seat at the intelligence, so completely had it taken him by surprise. Every variety of suspicion passed through his brain. Was his uncle privately married? Had he adopted any one? Or, worse than either, could it be his grandson?

"The intelligence is worth the ten pounds," he exclaimed. "Jersey! umph!"

Then he recalled the letters marked "Private," which had so puzzled Peter Mangles.

"Attend you to the instructions I have just given you," he said. "*I will see to the last affair myself.*"

There was a peculiar concentration of the lip, and flashing of the deep-sunken eye, as the ruffian uttered the last words, which boded danger to the being who had thus suddenly crossed his path, especially should it prove to be the one his fears anticipated.

Mr. Styles, satisfied that he had made an excellent morning's work, withdrew.

"The idiot!" muttered Carus. "But age is ever weak; strong resolution dwells in manhood's vigor. It were folly to seek for it in the decline of life. My uncle cannot dream that I have obtained this clue, which I will follow as the bloodhound does the track; neither does he suspect me—so much the better. Whilst I work unseen I am safe, quite safe."

The fool! Whilst indulging in this empty boast, little did he imagine that a hand he could not discern was directing the workings, even of his crimes, to an all-wise end, the benevolent one of Providence. Even had he felt and avowed its presence, Carus Kearn was now too far advanced in crime to retrace his footsteps.

For some time he meditated in silence on the discovery.

"It must be his grandson," he repeated several times in a tone of bitter mockery to himself. "This, then, explains his altered feeling and manner towards me. Can the Hoffmans know it? No; it is a secret he has guarded even from his confidant, Peter Mangles; there is some comfort even in that. He must have stolen the boy from his parents with the intention, no doubt, of bringing him up to succeed him in the firm, and making him his heir. His heir!" he exclaimed, with a bitter smile. "Never. I have sinned too deeply to let that prize escape me. When Rachel bestowed her hand upon my rival, I swore that her father's wealth, at least, should be mine. It was all that her perfidy had left to console me; and I'll keep my oath, though a darker and yet more fearful crime should be necessary to accomplish it.

"Uncle, you are playing a dangerous part with me. It remains to see which is the most accomplished gamester; time will show who wins. At present the cards are in your hand; to-morrow may reverse the deal—throw the trumps into mine."

With these reflections, in which the words as well as the habits of the gambler were apparent, the speaker began to pace the floor of the chamber, plunged in a profound reverie. From time to time a sinister smile rested upon his saturnine countenance; it was when some fresh move in the desperate game he had been calculating, or additional chances of success, presented themselves to his feverish imagination.

Mr. Hoffman was seated in the counting-house at his books, whilst his patron went over the transactions of the week, when one of the junior clerks made his appearance and informed him that a man named Styles was in the outward office inquiring for him.

On hearing the name of his former associate in drunkenness, a deep blush overspread the cheek of George, and his first impulse was to decline seeing him, till, looking up, he detected the eyes of Mr. Thornton fixed earnestly upon him; and fearing that his motives might be misconstrued, he at once gave orders to admit him.

"Shall I leave you?" demanded the former; "the affair may be private."

"Certainly not," answered George, touched by the mark of confidence. "I have no secrets from you, my dear sir, to whom I owe so much. If you noticed any hesitation on my part to receive this unexpected visitor, it is on account of the past. He was my companion in the race of folly which so nearly ended in the destruction of every hope of life, and more than once I have been under obligations to him, which I shall gladly discharge."

There was a manly frankness in the explanation of the circumstances which, by-the-by, the manufacturer was already perfectly acquainted with, that pleased him highly, and he remained; not from any doubt of the speaker's stability, but from another reason. He had heard Peter Mangles's opinion of the respectable person in question long before.

When Styles made his appearance, to the surprise of his former dupe, he was plainly, but respectably dressed in a suit of black, cleanly shaved, and looking altogether so different from his former self, that George scarcely recognized him. Still a close observer might have detected a suspicious redness about the nose, and a certain watery look in the eye; in other respects, the make-up was complete.

Although the sight of the fellow recalled some of the most painful passages of his past life, Hoffman forced himself to shake hands with him.

"Thank you, sir," said the hypocrite, "your condescension is very grateful to me, considering the baseness, the madness of my past conduct."

"It is not for me to reproach you with that."

"You are very kind not to do so," continued the visitor. "I, too, have seen the folly of yielding to the love of drink; it nearly ruined me. But, thank Heaven," he added, emphatically, "I have overcome it."

"I do indeed congratulate you," exclaimed his former companion.

Mr. Thornton quietly looked on.

"I have been seeking employment everywhere, but in vain; men cast my former drunkenness in my face—true, I deserve it, deserve it richly—and refuse to give me a situation. What can I answer to their reproaches? I feel they are merited, and am dumb. It is a hard world for a man to retrieve himself in."

"It is indeed," mentally ejaculated George Hoffman; "without the unexampled devotion of my wife, and the friendship of Peter, I, too, should have found it so."

And he began to feel deeply interested.

"I therefore took the liberty of calling upon you," continued the deceiver, "in the hope that you would give me a chance of redeeming the past by employing me. Not as a clerk," he added, "although, as you know, I write an excellent hand, and am quick at accounts; I cannot expect such confidence at first—but as messenger, porter, anything."

"You must speak to my partner," replied the man whom Styles, by this artfully-concocted story, so well calculated to work upon his feelings, was studying to betray; "I leave all such arrangements in his hands."

His visitor looked terribly disappointed, and began to suspect that he had not used cant enough, or that his artifice was seen through.

"My *personal assistance,*" added the speaker, "you have a right to expect, and it shall not be withheld to aid you in the path you have chosen."

The hypocrite meekly thanked him.

Thus indirectly appealed to, Mr. Thornton felt that it was time for him to speak. With all his knowledge of the world, the drunkard's tale of reformation had made some impression upon him; and, if true, he resolved to serve him. Fortunately, he was one of those men who rarely act upon impulse. Experience taught him that it was unsafe.

"And how long," he demanded, "have you refrained from your former habit of drinking?"

"About six months, sir."

"And felt no inclination to return to it?"

"Very often, sir," replied Styles; "those who have never been the slave of the debasing vice, cannot imagine how strong are its fetters. They bind the heart and brain stronger than chains can bind the limbs. I have had fearful struggles and temptations, as I sat night after night in my solitary lodgings, thought of the company, the drink at the bar, and knew that I had the means in my pocket of indulging my sad passion. But I resisted."

One of his hearers shuddered. He had passed through the ordeal.

"How have you lived?" continued the merchant, pursuing his interrogatory.

"My poor old mother died, sir," said Styles, pretending to be deeply moved. "I believe it was her loss that brought me to reflection. After burying her, and selling her little furniture, a few pounds remained, and I lived upon them, but they are nearly gone."

"Mr. Hoffman," he added, after a pause, "knows that I used frequently to receive money from her: she had a life annuity."

George willingly confirmed this statement, which he believed, it being the explanation the speaker had invariably given him of his idle life, and *liberality* in treating him.

"You have already been in an office?" resumed Mr. Thornton.

"In Bently and Company's, sir."

"And lost your situation?"

"Through drunkenness, sir."

"Candid, at any rate," thought the manufacturer.

"Can you obtain a character," he added, speaking aloud.

"For honesty; yes, sir," answered Mr. Styles. "My greatest enemies cannot accuse me of ever wronging my employers. For conduct, no."

"Whom do you designate as your enemies?"

"Mr. Kearn and Peter Mangles. It was through their representations that Mr. Bently discharged me. True, I deserved it, but they might have given me another chance."

It was a clever stroke, coupling the names of Carus and the old clerk; in fact, so clever, that Mr. Thornton felt seriously inclined to assist him. Highly as he respected Peter's judgment and integrity, he knew how far anything approaching to dissipation might warp it and render him too severe—it was so unbusiness-like.

George's case was an exception to the old man's rule, and followed out perhaps the more perseveringly because it was the only one.

"Well, my man," said the senior partner, "as my friend Mr. Hoffman seems desirous of employing you, I have no doubt but we can find something for you to do."

Styles appeared all joy and gratitude: perhaps he was a little too profuse in words, for the speaker added—

"*After due inquiries*——"

"Oh, yes; certainly, sir."

"If I find there is nothing against you but past dissipation—no dishonesty—we will see what can be done for you."

The emissary of Carus did not feel quite so confident of success as he had done.

"Call again in five days."

"Thank you, sir."

The hypocrite took up his well-brushed hat, which had a crape around it—Mr. Thornton noticed that it was quite new—and, bowing humbly, took his leave. As he quitted the counting-house, George Hoffman slipped some money into his hand.

"Do speak for me," whispered the fellow.

His dupe promised him that he would, for, with his still blind confidence in human nature, he doubted not the truth of his former companion's reformation. His partner entertained the same opinion, *but it was an opinion only*—George's feelings amounted to a conviction.

That night, on his return from the city, he found Peter Mangles, as usual, seated by the fireside, with little Mary on his knee, and Rachel preparing tea. So punctual had he become, that she knew almost to a minute the time he would arrive.

"I have seen Styles," observed her husband, when the meal was nearly concluded.

Rachel trembled, not from doubt, but the name revived so many painful recollections in her heart. As for the old clerk, he all but dropped his cup.

"Drunken rascal," he muttered.

"He *was*, my dear sir," replied his *protege*, "but is now a reformed one."

"Don't believe a word of it," exclaimed Peter, vehemently. "A scheming, cunning, unprincipled, unbusiness-like fellow. His petty-cash book was never right—I felt it never was; and yet, somehow, it was all but impossible to detect him."

"He has applied for a situation with us," said George.

His wife regarded him anxiously.

"Which you, of course, refused?" observed Mr. Mangles.

"No."

Peter groaned.

"I referred him to Mr. Thornton."

"Right," exclaimed the clerk, "quite right, my dear boy. Could not have referred him to a better man. He won't take your partner in as easily as he might——"

Here he paused, not liking to complete the sentence.

"As he might me," said Hoffman, smiling.

"Exactly so. You had always too much confidence in your fellow-creatures; not that many of them are better than I once thought them. And what did Thornton say?—refused him, as a matter of course."

"No."

"No!" repeated Peter, his former uneasiness returning.

"He promised to inquire; and, if he found nothing against his honesty, and the tale of his reformation to be true, to give him a chance."

The old man groaned with vexation.

"Your partner believes in his reformation?" he said.

"Yes."

"And you also?"

"I too."

"I can't, won't believe in it," replied Mr. Mangles, firmly. "I see it all. The fellow trusted to your gratitude, sympathy; and has trumped up a tale to impose upon you. That Thornton should have been such an idiot; but I'll balk him."

The last words were muttered to himself; and, shortly afterwards, the speaker took his leave, alleging that he had papers and accounts to look over; but instead of returning to his house, no sooner had he reached the street, than, buttoning up his greatcoat with a determined air, he called a cab.

"Where to, your honor?" demanded the man.

Peter did not know where to direct him, so little was he acquainted, even by name, with the usual scenes of dissipation in London. At last he recollected the name of the "Crown and Magpie," in Westminster.

On his way he examined the state of his finances—nine shillings and sevenpence.

"Fortunate," he thought, "that I am so well provided. Not often do I bring so much cash out with me. It must be an expensive night, indeed, to spend it all."

Poor Peter, how little did he know the world!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

How quietly the still hour of twilight steals on. The sun's last golden ray, which lingered so long upon the eastern mountain, as "if parting were sweet sorrow," has disappeared. The last rosy tint is fading from the evening cloud. A deeper shadow settles over the valley. One by one "night's unwearied watchers" shine out in their "far off depths." The bird folds its weary wings within its little nest. The murmur of the bee is still. "The busy hum of man" is hushed. For a brief space the restless world reposes. It is the hour of prayer and meditation—the Sabbath of the day.

"All is so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure, that naught of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene on such a night."

It breathes its own blessed quiet over the Christian's spirit, and disposes him to deep and earnest communings with himself, and with his Father. The world loses its hold upon his heart; wealth, pleasures, honors, earth's vain array, seem now but what they are—illusions, fleeting shadows. Cares and vexations, which, perhaps, too much occupied his mind, and ruffled his temper during the day, now sink into their real insignificance. He lifts his eyes to the magnificent firmament above him, and feels he is but a speck, an atom, in the vast creation; he thinks of his immortal spirit, and the priceless ransom paid for it, and knows it outweighs the worth of worlds.

HOW TO GROW RICH.

The only way by which capital can increase is by saving. If you spend as much as you get, you will never be richer than you are. 'Tis not what a man gets, but what he saves, that constitutes his wealth. Go, learn the first two rules of arithmetic: learn addition and subtraction. Add to your present capital any amount you please; subtract the sum which you add, and tell us if the last amount will not be the same as the first. Every man should, in every year of his life, make some addition to his capital. You say you get but little; never mind—spend less than little; and then next year you will get more, for you will have the profit upon the sum you save. There is no royal road to wealth any more than to geometry. The man who goes on spending all he gets, and expects that by some lucky hit he shall be raised to wealth, will most likely sink into poverty; for, in case of adverse fortune, he has then no resource; whereas, by economy, he may lay by a stock that may serve as a provision in case of adversity. You may say that the times are bad, the seasons are bad, the laws are bad. Be it so; but, were the case reversed, it would make no difference to you. Look at home; you spend more than you get. How, then, can you be otherwise than poor? How many a respectable family have fallen from a high station, which they worthily and honorably filled, merely because neither the gentleman nor the lady had been familiar with the first four rules of arithmetic.

CROCODILES.

After burying the eggs in the soil, to be there matured by the sun, the female visits, from time to time, the place in which they are secreted, and just as the period of hatching is completed, exhibits her eagerness for her offspring in the anxiety with which she comes and goes, walks around the nest of her hopes, scratches the fractured shell, and, by sounds which resemble the bark of a dog, excites the half-extricated young to struggle forth into life. When she has beheld, with this sort of joy, fear and anxiety, the last of her offspring quit its broken casement, she leads them forth into the plashy pools, away from the river, and among the thick underwood, to avoid the predatory visits of the father, whose palate delights in nothing more than in the flavor of his own young, which he eats remorselessly on every opportunity. In this season of care and watchfulness over them she is ferocious, daring and morose, guarding with inquietude her young, wherever they wander. She turns when they turn, and by whining and grunting shows a particular solicitude to keep them in such pools only as are much too shallow for the resort of the full-grown reptile.

* * *

Things Lost for Ever.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years—stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?

TELL CHILDREN THE TRUTH.

What unending trouble parents make for themselves by *lying*. It's an ugly word, especially hated by those most addicted to the act, but it expresses just what is meant. Parents do lie most unreasonably and unmitigatedly to their children. They make them false and infidel in their habits, and then are astonished at the young creatures' depravity. Few things are more unaccountable than that a Being who is just and good, should commit to the charge of people utterly unworthy of the trust, the training of immortal minds. God *is* certainly past finding out; but that is not to be wondered at when one considers that the same thing is true of men and women. And why the latter will tell false stories, fulminate false threats, and make false promises, to their children, merely for the sake of present and momentary convenience, when they know perfectly that the effect upon the child will be ruinous, and on their own government fatal, is a mystery which no mortal can fathom. They cannot fathom it, for parents love their children, and love knowingly worketh no ill to its object. Here is indeed a paradox.

Poor little children!—miserable generation of men! Taught falsehood in your cradles—taught it by lips which to you are holy, how *can* ye be true when ye are grown? We shall never see the happy, holy "thousand years" until that time is commenced by teaching truth and righteousness unto the children, not by words alone, but by conduct. If you *must* try to humbug somebody, in the name of future years, let not your skill be any longer tried upon the children. Be as careful to say to them no more than you mean, as if you knew a sword hung over you ready to drop at the first insincere word. Be as sure to fulfill every promise and every threat as death is sure not to forget his errand. Let your words be to your child a rock, an anchor, which he shall no more know how to doubt than he shall know how to live without breathing, and you may be sure of giving to the world, from your own life, just men and true, whom high and low shall honor. A. M.

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

The great secret in the accomplishment of our wishes is the ability to be able to avail ourselves of the most favorable opportunities—in short, like the sensible agriculturist, to "make hay while the sun shines." And in such a pursuit some of the higher faculties of our nature must inevitably be enlisted. Mere instinct, however persistent and sagacious, would not avail much without calling into active requisition all the qualities of economy, prudence, forethought, and enormous individual—and, in communities, immense aggregate—energy. The happy moment for making a grasp at the favors of propitious fortune appears once in the lifetime of us all: to those either mentally or morally gifted beyond the average qualifications of their fellow-creatures it comes oftener; and this reflection should teach us the lesson that, if we would thrive, we ourselves must be the main instruments in our elevation—the architects and builders of the houses we would desire to inhabit. The lives of all eminent men prove that they duly appreciated this universal maxim. Napoleon, Cromwell, and Washington, all took the tide at the flood, and strenuously devoted themselves to making hay while the sun shone. The first, with his eagle glance, saw the critical, the turning period in his career had arrived and, like a hero, seized the reins of the most astounding agitation in the annals of mankind; but he abused his almost marvelous successes, and fell a victim to an ambition which exhausted itself by the mere force of its genius and intensity. Cromwell and Washington, imbued with less pretensive aspirations, lived to bequeath their honors to posterity. The whole of them, however, plunged into the arena of politics at the exact moment when their presence was required, and all—with not even the exception of Napoleon, for he could pace soberly when he chose—strove to improve their position to the utmost of their ability and resources.

BRIEF TRUTHS.

Fortune only persecutes distinguished characters. Straws float to the surface, while pearls sink to the bottom. Though the heavens are spangled with an infinitude of stars, the sun and moon alone are subject to eclipse.

Be modest, and resemble the star, which, though high and exalted, shines upon the water; rather than the vapour, which, though mean and obscure, lifts itself to the clouds.

Men and gold fix each other's value.

Justice is like a glass, which cannot be bent, but is easily broken.

It is the duty of women to be virtuous, it is their privilege to appear so. Many forget their duties, but all remember their privileges.

We can never die too early for others, when we live only for ourselves.

The word of an honest man is surer than the gold of a villain.

If the shoe of a monarch could do as much as the monarch himself, the court would be divided between his majesty and his shoe.

We are never so proud and so humble as when we are praised.

What is styled timidity, is probably nothing but the fear of showing too little merit.

Dandies may become useful in the same manner as those slaves of Sparta, who were made drunk in order to inspire children with a horror of intoxication.

Friendship does not display itself in words, but it acts unremittingly; those pretended friends who talk of nothing but their hearts, are like those cowards who are continually vaporing about bravery and battles.

Money is a good servant and a bad master.

* * *

Happiness.—The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone—a single gem so rare, that all search after it is vain, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a Mosaic, composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly, may be of litle value, but when all are grouped together, and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are apt to overlook.

* * *

The sapling, green and tender, yields readily to wind and sun, and the hand of the trainer; the grown tree resists the storm, and 'tis well with it if it be not torn up by the roots; the aged trunk, dried to the core, spreads out its branches and perishes. This is human life.

* * *

Right in one thing becomes a preliminary toward right in everything; the transition is not distant, from the feeling which tells us that we should do harm to no man, to that which will tell us that we should do good to all men.

TO —— ——

BY MARY FORREST.

The brightest dream is only a dream—
The heavens reveal but an instant gleam—
Our sweetest joy
Has a mournful thrill,
Our dearest hope
Has a shadow of ill:
And so thy noble soul of song
Poureth its melting numbers along
By the fountain of smiles and tears—
By the place of hopes and fears—
Till it makes an answering note of fire
On the wildest string of the inner lyre,
That saddens and cheers
Like the chiming spheres.

Sing on, tho' the dream is a dream—
Tho' we catch but a transient gleam—
Tho' the joy has a mournful thrill
And the hope a shadow of ill:
For these are shining links,
Seen thro' material chinks,
In the chain that doth bind
Our minds to the mind
Of the great UNDEFINED.

ADA'S WINTER IN THE CITY.

LETTER I.

Dear Emmie:—Here I am at last, after a long day of dust, and noise, and weariness. I have heard much of the pleasures of traveling, but if my journey hither is a specimen, heaven defend me from all such tiresome enjoyments. Rattle, shriek, and shake, clouds of fine dust, small puffs of smoke and cinders, Irishman in front of me with his head out the window, and the fragrance of his dudheen floating back into my face, a group of politicians behind me, gathered round a "distinguished Senator," talking loudly, and using tobacco in an even more objectionable way than my Milesian neighbor, who get out regularly at every station, and come back talking louder than ever, and bringing with them the perfume of the bar which they have just left; my escort reading newspapers, or falling asleep and tumbling against my shoulder by way of making himself agreeable. These were some of the pleasures of my day's travel.

I tried to find something amusing in my surroundings, and would have made acquaintance with a pretty flaxen-haired child who sat near. But the mother frowned down all attempts, and ordered her little boy to return the cake I gave him.

Repulsed there, I looked still further. Opposite me was a simpering bride and a sheepish bridegroom, not more "the observed of all observers" from the gay bridal finery in which they chose to travel, than from the indescribable, but unmistakeable manner in which they indicated their new position.

I was very glad when we approached the city, and Mr. Ellis, rousing himself, began to talk and to point out to me the various objects of interest along the way. After a time, the car in which I was seated, after being dragged through many long, filthy streets, stopped under the dark archway of the city station. There was a great confusion of sounds, and hurrying and jostling of a busy crowd, but we finally extricated ourselves, and taking our places in a carriage, were driven rapidly towards my uncle's residence.

If Anna had been coming to visit me, I should have met her at the station, but I suppose our country ways are different in most respects from those of city people. Anna was not even at home when I arrived, nor was Aunt Douglass, and I felt disappointed and homesick, for to be received by servants only was so different from what I had expected. But the chambermaid, a neat, bright-eyed girl, showed me to the room which had been prepared for me.

I had hardly removed the dust of travel, and put on one of my pretty new dresses, when I heard the bell ring, then the voices of Anna and Aunt Douglass in the hall, and presently Anna came bounding into the room. In the affectionate salutation, and the real joy she manifested at seeing me, I forgot all the sad feeling which, five minutes before, threatened to culminate in a shower of tears.

I am sure I shall be very happy here. Uncle and Aunt Douglass were so cordial to me when we met at dinner, and welcomed me so heartily, and Anna is so entirely the same bright, frank girl who used to join our simple sports in the home fields, or by the home fireside, that I felt at ease at once.

This evening they have all gone to a large party, one that has been the talk of the town for weeks. Anna quite insisted on remaining at home with me, but I said I was fatigued and would retire early, and so persuaded her to go. That is why I am sitting here alone, this first evening, Emmie, and writing to you.

All is strange here. All is different from our simple home ways; strange sights and sounds, unaccustomed luxuries, and unusual splendors, are all around me. But I shall sleep no more sweetly in yonder gilded shell, with its piles of down and silk, and soft rose-lined lace curtains, than in my little dimity-covered bed at home. I shall miss my father's hand upon my brow, and his evening benediction, my mother's good-night kiss, and Emmie's soft twining arms and gentle breathings, for tonight she will not slumber by my side, and I am far from home.

When I write again I shall have seen something of the city and its gaieties, and may be able to interest you more. Ada.

LETTER II.

Three weeks in the great city, Emmie, and not spoiled yet! I enjoy to the full the gaieties and amusements which my kind friends provide for me, but I do find myself, at early morning and at evening, longing sometimes for a peep into my dear home far away. Anna and Aunt Douglass like this life that they lead, because they scarcely know any other. Aunt Douglass belongs to all sorts of societies, and her time is very much occupied with them. But she finds leisure to go with Anna and me on shopping and calling excursions, and to superintend our dresses, and select trimmings, and many other things which she declares we lack judgment for.

I was at four parties last week, and once at the opera—the first night of the season. Only on Sabbath night did I lay my head on its pillow before the early morning hours. What do you think of such dissipation for a little country girl?

There are a great many beautiful girls in society, and lovely, elegant women. I have made the acquaintance of some, but they seem to me to be so absorbed in matters, that I have been taught to think frivolous, that I like much better to look at them than to hear them talk. I have found only one woman who attracts me by any more powerful charm than beauty and grace.

Mrs. Ayres is a widow, and is, I should think, thirty-five years of age. She is not quite beautiful, but has a most noble countenance. There is something regal in her attitude, as, with her fine head and stately figure, she stands or sits among the crowd of flirting, coquettish women who surround her. You see at once that she is as much elevated above them in intellect, in soul, as by her physical stature.

She has been very kind to me, and invites me to come to her for a quiet morning whenever I am inclined. I went yesterday, and she talked to me of books, and music, and literary people whom she knows, and I became so deeply interested that I was not aware of the lapse of time until the servant announced the carriage, which I had heard her order for three o'clock.

I rose to go, feeling quite ashamed, and conscious of my rustic manners, which had betrayed me into this indiscretion. But she kindly bade me remain, and telling her maid to bring my bonnet and shawl, said she would take me to the —— Gallery, and from thence home in time to dress for Aunt Douglass's dinner party.

Oh, Emmie, you don't know what a treat it was, that visit to the —— Gallery. Mrs. Ayres talked to me about the pictures, and the statuary, and pointed out beauties that I must have *felt*, but could not have half appreciated. Everybody knew her, and treated her with the greatest deference, and she introduced me to several distinguished people, as the daughter of one of her earliest friends; and then I found that when she was a little girl, a mere child, she had known our dear father, and had received from him some great benefit. She did not tell me what it was, but I know she remembers it with rare gratitude, and this is why she is so kind to me.

After such a happy morning I dreaded to go back to Uncle Douglass's, and to sit at that stupid dinner-party, through the whole evening, listening to the talk of the ladies about dress, and parties, and the etiquette of occasions; and the young gentlemen's sage theories in regard to the weather, and stale criticisms of the opera, and the reigning beauties; which to me are worse than uncle's talk with *his* cronies about stocks and politics.

But I got through it all wonderfully well. After dinner Anna and I sang and played, in the drawing-room, and when the gentlemen came in I found that there was among them a wonderful musical professor, who condescended to charm us with a succession of pieces most astonishing to my unsophisticated ears. Then I got a place in Aunt Douglass's corner, and listened while she talked with some ladies, and the clergyman of her church, about some of the benevolent operations in which she is engaged. And so the evening passed comfortably away, until near its close, when, as I was replying to the pleasant nonsense of a young gentleman to whom Anna had just introduced me, I heard a little bustle near the door, and presently saw a gentleman come in bowing and smiling, and approach Aunt Douglass, beside whom I was still standing.

He made his apologies for coming so late, saying he had been most unexpectedly detained by the arrival of a friend from Europe that afternoon, but on leaving his friend for the night, he resolved to give himself the pleasure of a call, and the opportunity of apology for having broken his engagement.

Aunt Douglass looked pleased, and thanked him for coming, expressing, at the same time, her regret that he had not been earlier, at the dinner, and in time to hear Professor H——.

Then she turned to me, and introduced the gentleman as Mr. Ayres. Mr. Ayres—the name that of my dear hostess of the morning. I fancy he detected my astonishment, for he said, with a beautiful smile, that he had been listening to my praises from lips whose judgment were always just, and that he was delighted to meet me. The words were simple, and conveyed only an ordinary compliment. Was it because I am a simple country girl that I seemed to detect in them a deeper meaning, that made me very happy, even while I blushed, and stammered out the most appropriate reply that occurred to me?

He told me that Mrs. Ayres was the widow of his only brother; that, as I knew before, her husband had been some years dead; and that she had been to him mother, sister, guardian, and friend, ever since that sad bereavement which widowed her left him utterly alone in the world.

"She is not more than seven or eight years older than myself," he continued, "but I had learned, even before my brother's death, to look up to her with the greatest reverence, mingled with the sincerest affection. And since she has appeared to me almost saint-like, and were it not sinful to offer worship to a mortal, I think she would receive such a canonization as the devoted adoration of one heart, at least, could bestow."

I know that the tears came into my eyes as he spoke thus, for his words were the echo of the sentiments with which this noble woman had inspired me, even during our short acquaintance. Seeing how much I was moved, Mr. Ayres turned the conversation to other subjects, and at parting he expressed a hope that we should meet often at his sister's during the winter—a hope that my heart responded to, though my lips only replied in ordinary complimentary phrase. Emmie! I believe this has been the very happiest day of my life; and I only wish you could have been here to share my joy.

To have made two such friends—for I am sure Mr. Ayres is my friend, though, of course, he says nothing in the way of profession—is surely happiness enough for one day! But I am going out now with aunt and Anna, and can write no more. When my next week's letter is written, I shall have seen them again—more than once, I hope—and shall have much more to tell you. Ada.

LETTER III.

My last letter, dear Emmie, was hurried, and I told you little either of my home employments, my gaieties, or of my new friends. To-day I have the whole morning to myself, for aunt and Anna have gone out of town to spend the day, and I have declined accompanying them, on account of a slight cold, and having letters to write.

I am not going to tell you about gaieties now, only about Mr. Ayres and his dear sister. Emmie, I have been very happy and very sad since I wrote you about my acquaintance with these dear friends.

Mrs. Ayres has had me often at her house, and Mr. Ayres has paid me much attention, which I accepted at first without any thought beyond the pleasure their kindness afforded me. But, after a little, I was shocked to find that both Aunt Douglass and Anna treated me coldly, and that there was evidently something wrong. In vain I questioned them as to the cause of this sudden change. They avoided an answer, and made light of what they chose to call my suspicions.

I had just begun to notice that every visit from Mr. or Mrs. Ayres produced a slight accession to this coldness, when aunt invited me one morning to her chamber, and after making me a present of a handsome pearl bracelet, settled herself for what I supposed was to be one of her "comfortable talks."

I was pleased, and thought the cloud that had made me so homesick and unhappy was about to lift. But presently she turned the conversation upon my late friends, and after eulogizing both in the highest terms, she told me, as a great secret, that Mr. Ayres had been for a long time a devoted admirer of Anna's, and that, though no engagement actually subsisted, yet she had no doubt it was that gentleman's intention to offer marriage, as he had gone further than an honorable man would unless such were his purpose. Of course, my aunt added, as Anna's cousin I had interested him, but she had thought it best to put me on my guard, lest, not knowing the real state of the case, I might suppose the attentions he paid me dictated by a deeper preference for me.

"My dear Ada will not wonder, now," she continued, "that Anna has been made a little unhappy, and slightly jealous. But all has been made right between the lovers; and now that you understand the matter, you will of course know how to regulate your conduct with the discretion which the case requires.

Emmie, I was made very wretched by these words. But I could not doubt Aunt Douglass's statement. So I took my wounded heart away to the solitude of my own room, and prayed there for strength to overcome any undue affection that I might have foolishly bestowed upon one who was destined to be the husband of my cousin. Still I could not quite divest myself of the thought that, if this were so, he had deceived me. For there had been a thoughtful tenderness in his tones when he sometimes addressed me, there had been glances from his eyes, and chance words that told me of a deeper feeling than, if the lover of Anna, he could honorably cherish for another. And if it were so, I asked myself, why had not Mrs. Ayres, who was in all her brother's secrets, given me some hint of it, before throwing us so constantly together. But then the thought occurred to me that she might suppose me to be acquainted with the facts, from Anna herself, so I at once acquitted her of all blame.

I had engaged to pass the day with Mrs. Ayres, and it was already time to go to her house. So, composing myself as well as possible, I tied on my hat, and during my brisk walk through the streets planned how to avoid, as much as possible, all contact with her too fascinating brother.

Mrs. Ayres was engaged with some ceremonious visitors in the drawing-room, the servant said, so I proceeded at once to her little morning room, as I felt no inclination to join her guests.

Mr. Ayers was there, engaged in reading. As I entered he laid aside his book, and came forward to greet me cordially. I replied coldly, and seating myself at a distance, answered his attempts at conversation only in monosyllables. I felt that I was overdoing the matter, but I could not do otherwise. I felt, more than ever, that if he was Anna's lover, he had deceived me, and was even now deceiving me, by a warmth and tenderness of manner that he had no right to bestow. Once only I looked up and caught his gaze fixed upon me. The expression was that of pained surprise, and I heard him sigh as he turned again to his book. I read also, and thus, in painful silence, we remained until Mrs. Ayres came to us.

She looked surprised at our devotion to our books, but said nothing. Mr. Ayres went away presently, and Mrs. Ayres and myself spent the day together until dinner time, when he again joined us. After dinner I insisted on returning home, as I could not, I felt, endure the ordeal of the long evening hours in his presence. I looked to have the servant sent with me, but Mr. Ayres insisted on being himself my escort.

"He wishes to see Anna," I thought, bitterly, but I was forced to consent.

Emmie, that walk, begun in sadness and bitterness *of spirit, was the* happiest of my life. Before I reached my uncle's door, I had learned that Mr. Ayres loved me, that he had sought my society, from the first, from a genuine attraction, that I was to be the happiest woman in all the world, because endowed with his love, and permitted to live by his side.

"And Anna?" I faltered, as we reached my uncle's door, after this confession had been made.

"What of Anna?" he said, surprisedly, and detaining my hand.

"Do you not—have you not loved her?"

He was silent, and I waited, tremblingly for his answer. He drew my arm again within his, and walked on.

"Tell me what this means?" he said. "Does this give the key to this morning's coldness?"

I told him all, and then I learned the deep perfidy of Aunt Douglass. Emmie, she threw boldly for the prize, but it had even then slipped from her hands!

Anna came to my room last night, and told me all. She, at least, had no part in the deception, though I can see that she has loved Robert Ayres deeply and long.

I shall come home next week. Aunt Douglass is all smiles, and all urge me to remain, but Robert desires our marriage hastened, so that we may embark early in the spring for Europe. There will be a happy wedding in the little cottage, and then I shall go away to return no more. Do you wonder that I long for a few more weeks of the old home-life, that I shall so soon lose forever?

Ada.

KINGLY INTELLIGENCE.

Mention being accidentally made in the presence of Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, of the great power of the Turks some centuries ago, he observed, that it was no wonder, as *all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour.* Upon another occasion, when the cruel execution of Louis XVI., of France, then recent, happened to be the subject of conversation, one of the courtiers remarked that it was the second crime of the kind that stained the annals of modern Europe; the king asked, with surprise, where such a deed had been perpetrated before; the courtier replying in England, Ferdinand asked, with a look of disbelief, what king of England was ever put to death by his people? The other of course answered Charles I. His majesty exclaimed, with some degree of warmth and indignation—

"No, sir, it is impossible; you are misinformed; the English are too loyal and brave a people to be guilty of such an atrocious crime." He added: "Depend upon it, sir, it is a mere tale trumped up by the Jacobins at Paris to excuse their own guilt by the example of so great a nation; it may do very well to deceive their own people, but will not, I hope, dupe us!"

Of such absurdly stupid stuff are the monarchs of the Old World made. They could not get situations as paste-boys in a respectable American newspaper office.

◆

Want of Energy.—Want of energy is a great and common cause of the want of domestic comforts. As the best laid fire can give no heat and cook no food unless it is lighted, so the clearest ideas and purest intentions will produce no corresponding actions without that energy which gives power to all that is of value, which is, as it were, the very life of life, and which is never more necessary or available than in the mistress and mother of a family.

THE ILL-STARRED SHIP.

FROM AN OLD CAPTAIN'S LOG-BOOK.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The old ship "Capricorn" was owned in New York. She was a staunch, well-built craft, but had had exceedingly bad luck. I think she had never been a voyage without some serious mishap. On her first trip, which was to Liverpool, she was cast away, and some of her men lost. Her hull was not much injured, however, and a few weeks in the dry-dock fixed her all right again. On her second trip, when ten days out, she was knocked down by a squall, and four men lost. Her masts were cut away, and finally she was worked back. On her third trial she was struck by lightning when only six days out; two men killed, and considerable damage done by fire. The sailors began to be shy of her, and it was with the utmost difficulty that a crew could be shipped for her fourth voyage; but the complement was finally obtained. She started with a fair wind; but on the ninth day out she was met by a storm, lost her main-topmast, shipped a sea that carried off three men, and at length ran into Norfolk with everything in tatters.

To some it seemed strange and unaccountable that such ill-luck should attend the stout ship; but the sailors accounted for it very easily: There was a man murdered in the vessel while she was being built. Such was the story which some one had given out, and it was seized upon eagerly by the seamen. The murderer had never been brought to justice, and the spirit of the murdered man was bent upon vengeance. It was said that she stuck fast three times upon the ways in being launched, and that she entered the water upon her beam ends. Of course these stories were fabulous, but they had their effect.

When I first saw the ill-starred ship, she lay well up the North River, and for a whole season the owners had been trying in vain to ship a crew. Not a man could they find who would go in her; or, if one was found, he would soon learn the character of the craft, and abscond. They asked me if I would command her if a crew could be obtained. Of course I told them, yes, for I had no faith in these marvelous things, and, moreover, I had heard so much of the old Capricorn, that I felt a desire to take her upon one successful voyage. Two weeks passed away, and the owners were in despair. No crew could be shipped. The sailors had nearly all heard the story by this time, and the very fact that the ship had been lying so long idle added much to her evil report.

"What shall we do?" asked the owners. "This is too bad. "There isn't a better ship in port."

"I'll tell you," said I. "This very night, do you send trusty hands up, and have the ship's name altered. Let everything on board which bears the ominous name—*Capricorn*—be taken out, and a new name given. Then haul her around into the East river, and we'll have a crew quickly enough."

The owners were in extacies. They thanked me a thousand times, and then sent off at once for a carpenter and painter. On the second morning from that, the *Capricorn* was *non est*, and at one of the piers upon the East River lay a ship bearing upon her stern, in large gilt letters, the name "Monarch." She was soon loaded for Calcutta, and a crew was shipped without difficulty.

I had made the proviso in my engagement that I should select my own mates, and I accordingly engaged two men who had sailed in the same capacities with me before. My first officer was William Richards—a powerfully built, fearless man, and an excellent seaman. The second was Alfred Bishop. He was smaller than Richards, but every part of his frame seemed made of steel, and his spirit was equal to it. I found the crew—twelve in number before the mast—to be very fair-looking men, most of them old hands, and evidently experienced. I liked their looks for workers, though, as a whole, they were not so intelligent as I could have wished. They had too much of that dogged, stubborn expression which is so common among men who have had hard lines to pull.

However, we went to sea, and stood out across the Gulf Stream with a fair wind, all snug and trim. For a week all went on well, and I began to flatter myself that I should take the old ship safely on her voyage, when, as I sat in the cabin one morning, Mr. Richards came down with a serious face.

"The mischief's to pay, captain," he said, closing the door.

"What is it?" I asked.

"The men have discovered that this is the old *Capricorn*, and they are furious about it. They swear they'll be set back."

"But how did they discover it?"

"Why—it seems that two of them have sailed in the ship before, and they have been discovering various points of resemblance for two or three days. Last night they went into the hold, and found the old name upon some of the timbers. It's all out now, and the thing is brewing beautifully. These two men have told wonderful stories, and the whole crew are in open mutiny. They feel sure that nothing but evil can come of the cruise."

At this point the second mate, who had had the last watch, came from his state-room, and when he had heard the story of Richards, he said that he had feared it from what he had seen and heard during his watch.

"Gentlemen," said I, after pondering a few moments, "what arms have you?"

They informed me that they had each a brace of heavy double-barreled pistols. I had the same, and I bade them look to their weapons, and stand by to obey my orders. I knew them both to be stern, fearless men, and I had engaged them because I knew that I could depend upon them in a case of emergency.

Shortly afterwards I went on deck. I found the men in a body upon the forecastle, engaged in earnest, excited conversation, the youngest of their number being alone at the wheel.

"*There's the storm coming now!*" I heard one of them say. "I tell ye the ship can't be ten days out'rd bound without the vengeance o' that murdered spirit!"

Instead of looking longer at the men, I turned my gaze towards the point at which the speaker had pointed, and, sure enough, there was a storm brewing. Away in the north-west dark clouds were rising, and the horizon had an ugly, threatening look. There was no mistaking that sign. Not only was I sure of the storm, but I knew it would soon be upon us. The wind had been out from the south-west all night, but it was hauling to the westward now, and had become fitful and varying. I ordered the men to lay aft. They came in a body, dogged and sullen.

"Take your stations for working ship," I said, without betraying any undue feeling.

At this point Rolf Duncan, the stoutest and most formidable man of the crew, stepped a pace forward, and said—

"Capt'n Warden, we won't touch a rope aboard this ship, till she is headed for the States again. Put her about an' steer for Sandy Hook, an' we'll help ye—otherwise, not!"

"Do you mean to mutiny?" I asked, calmly.

"We mean to go home," the man returned. "We've been imposed upon. This is the old *Capricorn*, an' 'tain't no good to be in her, any way. She's an evil, doomed craft, an' there'll be a death if we keep on."

"There'l be a death if we don't keep on!" I had upon my tongue to say, but I restrained myself.

"Look ye, my men," I cried, advancing towards them, "if you have been imposed upon, it has been by those who have told you idle, foolish stories. Before I consented to take command of this ship, I satisfied myself that all the evil stories told of her were false. I knew she had been unfortunate, but that was all. Not one of the tales of murder, of mishap in launching, or of evil spirits, has the least particle of truth in it. Now mark me: Thus far I have treated you well. Do your duty as you ought to do it, and you shall find no fault with your officers. But show me a determination to mutiny, and you shall find it a dangerous job. I am going to take this ship to India, unless God, in his own providence, prevents me!"

I went and called my mates on deck, and then turned again to the men.

"You see there is a storm coming—it will soon be here. Now stand by to take in sail. To the braces, you starboard watch!"

"We'll pull the braces if you'll turn for home!" said Duncan, with insolent determination.

I saw by this time that three men held control of all the others. They were Rolf Duncan, Jack Adams, and Lot Waters—all three stout, bully men. But there was no time for much parley. The wind already came from the storm-cloud, and great drops of rain began to fall. As I could not get the braces round yet, I had the helm put a-port.

"Man the braces!" I shouted. "Stand by topgallant halliards and clewlines! Lay aloft all the larboard watch!"

But instead of obeying, the men all walked forward, following the lead of the three men I have mentioned, where they armed themselves with handspikes and heavers.

There was not a moment more to be lost. The storm was upon us, and ere long we must either be driven under or carry away our masts. I could plainly see that the ringleaders of this mutiny thought to intimidate me into obedience to their will. And I could see, too, that a good portion of them were already frightened, thinking, no doubt, that the spirit of a murdered man was at work in the storm. I called upon my officers to follow me, and then walked forward.

"My men," said I, "I must be obeyed! Rolf Duncan, go aloft!"

"When you promise to them——"

"Lay aloft!" I thundered, "or you die where you stand!"

I drew both my pistols as I spoke, and cocked the hammers of one of them.

"Will you obey me?"

"Not unless you——"

I waited to hear no more, but, with deliberate aim, I fired, and Rolf Duncan staggered and fell with a bullet through his brain!

Adams and Waters raised their handspikes and started towards me. The first received my second ball in the bosom, and the other reeled back with a bullet from Bishop's pistol in his head!

"Now," I cried, raising my other pistol, "to your duty! Lay aft to the braces! The man who stands here in ten seconds from this time dies!"

The hoarse voice of the wind, the creaking of the straining blocks, and the dull *groaning of the* laboring masts, joined with my own stern purpose, began to be felt by the crew. They gazed aloft at the bending spars, and then at the three pistols that were leveled at them.

"One moment more!" I said, taking a step nearer to them.

One of their number, who had been gazing upon the corse of Duncan, walked quietly to the starboard main-brace, and in a moment more the rest all followed his example. Never did men work with a heartier will, and never was a ship laid to with more expedition.

"There," said I, as the bodies of the dead men were launched into the sea, "I'm sorry that such a thing has happened; but I believe we are rid of the evil spirits now."

From that time forth there was no more trouble. We encountered some severe weather, but passed on in safety; and when we reached the States again the crew were not only willing, but anxious to ship with me for the next voyage.

"That 'ere shootin' o' them three men was a sort of a bad look for a beginnin'," remarked one of the men, as he signed the papers for another cruise; "but seein' as how they brought it on themselves, I don't know as ye can lay it to the old ship. So here goes for another trial."

For six years I remained in that ship, and no quicker, safer, or more prosperous voyages were made, than were made by me in the staunch old Capricorn.

ANTIPATHIES.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat."

Mr. Vaugheim, a great huntsman, in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away, at the sight of a roast pig.

Henry III. of France could never sit in a room with a cat.

The Duke of Schomberg had the same kind of antipathy; nay, we read of a gentleman, in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand, who bled at the nose on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the distance might be from him. The same happened to Chesne, secretary to Francis the First, if an apple was shown to him.

Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Uladislaus, King of Poland *could not bear* to see apples.

Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk.

Ambrose Pare mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting.

Erasmus, though a native of a seaport (Rotterdam), had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it gave him a fever.

King James the First had an utter aversion to the sight of a naked sword, so that when he conferred knighthood the blade was placed on the shoulder of the person "whom the king delighted to honor," by one of the royal attendants.

An eminent London banker, when dining, has fainted in consequence of a footman bringing, and placing on the sideboard, the tray containing half of a large Cheshire cheese, although the banker did not see the cheese.

We have read of a gentleman who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

◆

Universal Equality.—There is but one way of securing universal equality to man, and that is to regard every honest employment as honorable; and then for every man to learn, in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, to fulfill with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honor.

TO MY BROTHER'S DOG.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Rememberest thou the distant, dark-eyed boy,
Who calls me sister, and who owns thee friend?
Can time or place the love for him destroy
Ere thy brief life of little joys shall end?

Do no dim dreamings of evanished times
Come to thee as thou wand'rest out *alone*
Through half-worn paths, haunted with faint old rhymes
Of winds that sung to summers long, long flown?

Does not the perfumed mist that spring-morns fling
O'er violet-bloom and tangled forest-vine—
The music in the air, the wood-bird's wing—
Remind thee of the boy whose love is thine?

Are not the blushing autumn's mournful songs,
Whispered in aisles of crimsoned light and dim,
The winter's silent snows and wailing throngs
Of minstrel-winds all blent with thoughts of him?

* * * * * * *

I do remember once I told him o'er
My many soft and dim poetic dreams,
The early romance of a heart that wore
Sweet fancies thro' its vainly splendid schemes.

"Earth's treasures could not soothe—ay, I would even,
In this my burning thirst for glorious things,
Tear God's own purple clouds and stars from Heaven,
And crown with light caught from arch-angel wings!"

Half dreaming then, these feverish words I said,
When, with a ringing laugh of boyish glee,
He shook the brown hair round his careless head,
And cried, "*A dog like mine's enough for me!*"

* * * * * * *

Oh, wild, glad boy, who bidst the wind and sun
Leave their dark kisses on thy cheek and brow,
Nor askest mortal loves!—oh, *aimless* one!
I would, I would that I were such as thou.

Oh, blessed boy! whose sunny, hazel eyes
Have caught no shadow from fate's thousand storms—
Who sends no murmur to God's holy skies,
And has no fear of evil's coming forms.

In every message, howsoever brief,
That comes to light his absence with its spell,
These words are borne as though they were the chief—
And such they are—"I hope my dog is well!"

Thou art a theme to make one smile—and yet
My Brother loves thee, and I'll love thee too;
His greatest care is lest thou wilt forget,
Or hast forgotten—then to him be true!

A NIGHT ATTACK.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

General Lee, in his Memoir of the Southern Campaigns, makes frequent and honorable mention of one Captain Joseph Kirkwood, of the Delaware line, whose regiment, at the battle of Camden, was reduced to a single company, of which the latter remained the commanding officer. Owing to the fact that Delaware could not raise another regiment, Captain Kirkwood, though truly deserving, could not by military rule receive promotion, and therefore remained in command of a single company throughout the revolutionary struggle, taking a gallant and distinguished part, not only in the bloody encounter at Camden, but also in the battles of Hobkirk's, Eutaw and Ninety-Six.

After the declaration of peace, there being no other military service for this gallant officer, he removed with his family within the limits of the present State of Ohio, for the purpose of a permanent settlement. He chose a locality nearly opposite the present city of Wheeling, on the right bank of the Ohio, and erected his cabin on a commanding knoll, where, though greatly exposed, he remained unmolested for a couple of years. It was his intention to have built a block-house for further security, and he actually commenced one; but, from one cause or another, it was still unfinished in 1791, when the events occurred which we are about to relate.

One evening, in the spring of the year just mentioned, a small party of soldiers, under the command of one Captain Biggs, on their way into the country, stopped at the humble residence of Kirkwood, and asked permission to remain through the night, which was cheerfully granted.

The evening was spent in a sociable manner, in talking over the various events of the times, Captain Kirkwood depicting some of the more striking of the military scenes which had occurred in his experience, and also speaking, with a soldier's sensitiveness, of his chagrin at seeing officers younger, and of inferior rank, promoted over him, simply because his little State could not furnish a sufficient quota of men to give him the rank to which he was honorably entitled.

When the hour came for retiring, most of the men were assigned the loft beneath the roof, where, with the aid of straw and blankets, they disposed themselves very comfortably upon the rude flooring, Captain Kirkwood, with his family and the officer mentioned, remaining below.

All gradually fell asleep, and the house continued quiet for several hours, not a soul dreaming that a merciless enemy was even then stealing through the surrounding woods in the darkness, bent upon the destruction of the building, and the death of all it contained.

Sometime late in the night, Captain Biggs, being restless, concluded to get up and take a walk in the open air. Passing leisurely once or twice around the dwelling, he advanced to the block-house, and after examining it a few minutes, and wondering why the captain did not complete it, he turned his steps to the bank of the river. Here he stood a few minutes longer in quiet meditation, looking down upon the dark gliding stream, the rippling of whose waters, the slight rustling of the leaves, the plaintive hoot of the owl, and now and then the far-off cry of some wild beast, being the only sounds that broke the otherwise solemn stillness.

Once he fancied he heard a movement, as of some heavy body in the bushes near him; and knowing he was in a region of country not safe from Indian molestation, he started and turned quickly in the direction of the sound, looking steadily for some moments, and prepared for sudden flight, should he discover any further grounds for his partially aroused fears. But he neither saw nor heard anything to justify alarm, and turning away, he quietly repaired to the dwelling, refastened the door, laid himself down, and fell asleep.

Soon after this the whole house was startled by a loud cry of fire, which proceeded from one of the men who lodged in the loft. Captains Kirkwood and Biggs instantly sprang from their beds, and, rushing up the ladder, made the startling discovery that the roof was all in flames. A scene of the wildest confusion now prevailed, the men thus suddenly aroused, and half choked with smoke, not fairly comprehending their situation, and the wife and children all shrieking with terror.

As soon as he could make his voice heard, Captain Kirkwood ordered the men to push off the burning slabs, and while in the act of doing this, a volley of balls rattled in among them, followed by those terrific yells which ever proved so appalling to those awakened by them in the still hours of night. Two of the men were wounded by the first discharge of the Indians, whose position, on the top of the block-house, situated still higher on the knoll, commanded the roof of the dwelling, and being greatly terrified, they all drew back in dismay, and some declared that their only safety was in immediate flight.

"Your only safety is in throwing off the roof before the whole house takes fire," returned Captain Kirkwood, as he pushed in among them, and put his own hands actively to work.

"We'll risk that," said one, as he hurried to the ladder. "I'm not going to remain cooped up here to be shot at."

"By heavens! you shall remain here till I give you leave to go down!" cried the enraged captain, as he sprang forward, seized the fellow, and threw him back violently.

"Let us pass!" cried two or three of the others, advancing toward the captain—the shots of the Indians meanwhile rattling like hail against the walls and burning roof, and their wild yells now and then resounding afar through the gloomy wilderness around.

"What! Mutiny!" exclaimed Capt. Kirkwood. "For shame, men! for shame! Turn back this moment, and do your duty! Is it not enough that we have a common enemy without, but we must have a civil strife within!"

"Who dares rebel against Captain Kirkwood's orders?" shouted Captain Biggs from below, whither he had gone for his rifle. "Shoot down the first rascal that attempts to escape, Captain, or refuses to obey you!"

"Quick, then, pass me up my rifle!" shouted Kirkwood, who kept his position at the head of the ladder.

"Aye, here it is," returned Captain Biggs.

Just as he was in the act of reaching it up, a ball passed through a small window, and, striking his arm, so disabled it that he let the weapon fall. Ripping out an oath, he picked it up with his other hand, and passed it to Kirkwood. The moment the latter got hold of it, he turned to the mutinous men, and exclaimed:

"Now, let me see who will refuse to do his duty! Back, there, and finish your work of throwing off the burning roof! The first man that attempts to leave this house, I swear to send this ball through his brain!"

The more mutinous of the number, finding the captain determined, and that there was no chance for them to escape, at once began to take an active part with those who were already doing their duty; and in a very short time the burning portions of the roof were dislodged and thrown to the ground—the Indians all the while keeping up a steady fire, and slightly wounding one or two more.

Thus far our besieged party had no opportunity to return the fire of the enemy; but now the latter, finding that their first attempt to burn the house was likely to prove unsuccessful, rushed forward in a body, with still wilder and more terrific yells, and at once began a vigorous assault upon the doors and windows, the former of which they nearly forced open at the first onset.

The danger now being chiefly below, Captain Kirkwood hurried down, and ordered the greater portion of the men to follow, leaving a few above to defend the open roof, in case the savages should attempt to climb the walls and make an entrance there.

At once tearing up several puncheons from the floor, a part of the men proceeded to brace the door in the most effective manner, the others keeping watch near the two small windows, and firing whenever they could get a glimpse of an Indian.

In this manner the attack and defence was continued some little time longer—another of the party inside being slightly wounded—when suddenly the sound of a heavy gun came booming through the air.

"Courage, men!" cried Captain Kirkwood, in an animated tone; "they already hear us at Wheeling, and doubtless assistance will soon be here."

"Let us give three cheers!" said Captain Biggs; "just to show the attacking scoundrels that we are not the least intimidated."

Three cheers were accordingly given; and were answered by the Indians, by the loudest, wildest, and fiercest yells of furious rage.

"Aye, yell away, you mean, cowardly, thieving, vagabonds!" shouted one of the men, tauntingly, as he recklessly advanced close to one of the small windows, which had not been so boarded up inside as to render his position safe from the balls of the enemy.

"Have a care there, Walker!" exclaimed his commander, in alarm.

Scarcely were the words spoken, when the man, clapping his hands to his breast, staggered back, reeled and fell to the floor, groaning out:

"Oh, God! the fiends have killed me!"

Some two or three of his companions immediately lifted the poor fellow, and placed him upon a bed, while the two officers hurried up to examine his wound, which with deep regret they discovered to be mortal. As they turned sorrowfully away, the firing and yelling of the Indians, which up to this time had been almost continual, suddenly ceased.

"Ah! they are about to depart," said Captain Kirkwood, joyfully; "probably they fear a reinforcement."

"More likely they have stopped to plot some new deviltry," said Captain Biggs, who was more familiar with the Indian mode of warfare.

All kept silent for a few minutes—waiting, hoping and fearing—so that the suspense itself was not a little painful. Suddenly one of the men uttered an exclamation of alarm; and on being questioned as to the cause, replied:

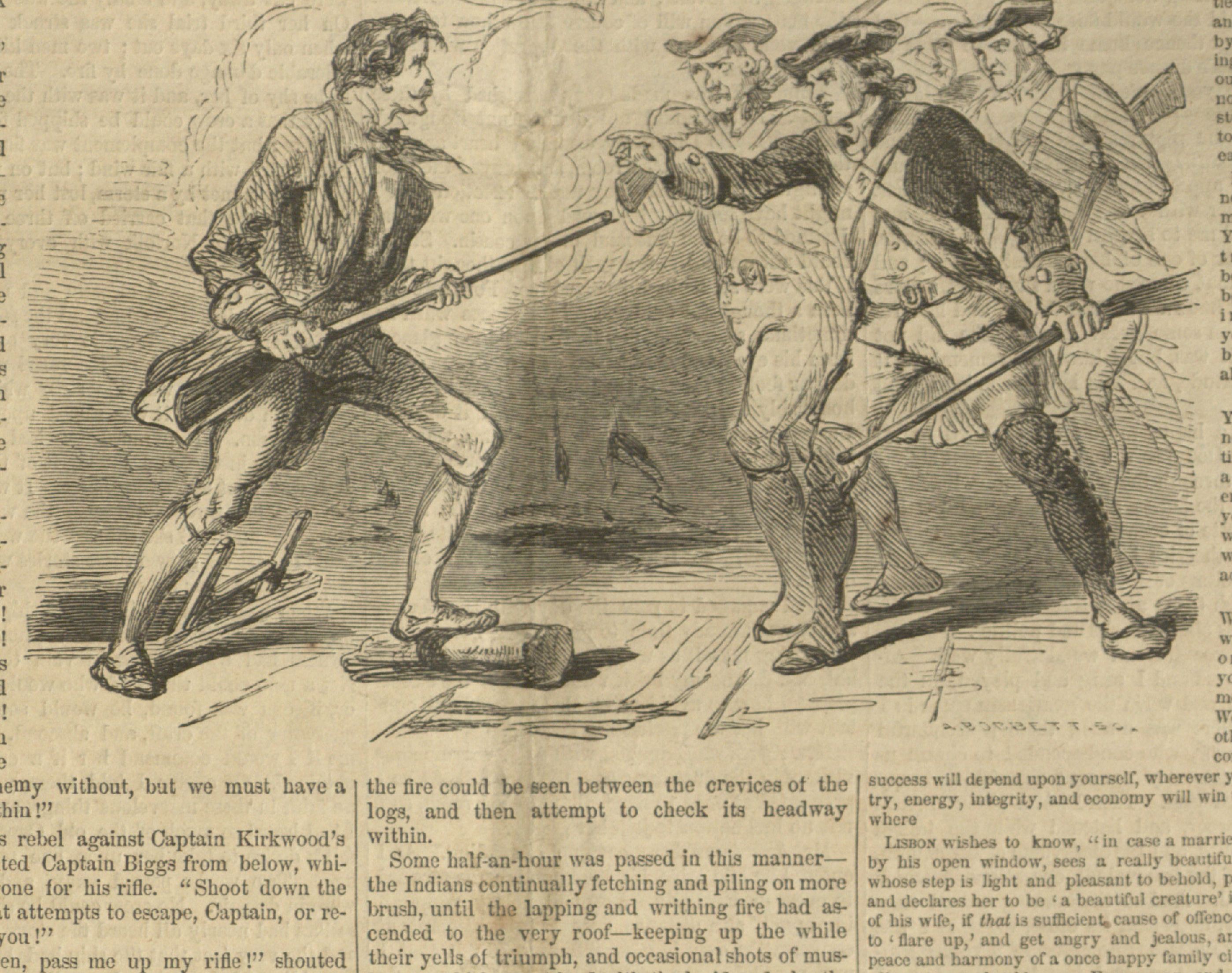
"Listen! Don't you hear the devils piling brush around the house? They're going to burn us out!"

"In that case we may be compelled to make a sortie," returned Captain Biggs.

"It must be at the last moment, then," said Captain Kirkwood; "for once beyond these walls, my wife and children would stand little chance of escape. If they set fire to us, we must endeavor to put it out. We have considerable water in the house, thank Heaven! and before they can burn through these thick logs, I trust assistance will arrive from the Fort."

Almost as he said this, a bright sheet of flame shot up round the cabin, shedding a lurid and fearful light upon those within, and was accompanied by a series of terrific and triumphant yells, and a general discharge of fire-arms on the part of the savages.

There was not sufficient water in the house to justify the inmates in throwing it over the roof; and all they could do, therefore, was to wait, in the most gloomy suspense, till some presence of the fire could be seen between the crevices of the logs, and then attempt to check its headway within.



Some half-an-hour was passed in this manner—the Indians continually fetching and piling on more brush, until the lapping and writhing fire had ascended to the very roof—keeping up the while their yells of triumph, and occasional shots of musketry; which, combined with the lurid and ghastly light in which each saw the other, the loud and awful roaring of the flames, and the groans of the wounded, made a most terrible scene for the imprisoned inmates—a scene that cannot be fully described, and the horrors of which can only partially be comprehended by the most vivid imagination.

At length the fire began to dislodge the heated clay—which had been used to stop the chinks and crannies between the logs—and the furious flames to send in their devouring tongues in search of new material for destruction; and then all who were able set eagerly to work, dashing on water, and so checking in some degree the progress of the consuming element.

This was continued until the water became entirely exhausted; and then recourse was had to what milk there chanced to be in the house; and, after this, to some fresh earth, which they dug up from beneath the floor—the Indians still keeping up their yells, and firing through every crevice, by which some more of the inmates were wounded, though none mortally—and Captains Kirkwood and Biggs moving about from point to point, and animating all parties with their own heroism and the hope of speedy deliverance.

The attack began about three o'clock in the morning, and lasted till dawn; when the Indians, finding they could not be successful in their fell purpose without carrying the siege far into the day, and probably fearing they might suddenly be surprised by a large party from the Fort, uttered another series of wild, discordant whoops, poured in upon the building one regular volley, and then suddenly retreated—the men inside calling after them in the most taunting manner, the voice of the poor fellow mortally wounded being heard among the loudest.

About an hour after sunrise the whole party, having succeeded in subduing the flames, ventured forth cautiously, and immediately crossed the river to Fort Henry—Walker, the only one who lost his life, expiring on the way. Here all the living were properly cared for, and the gallant soldier was buried with military honors.

A few days after, Captain Kirkwood set out with his family for his native State; but meeting on the way some Delaware troops, who were marching to the Indian country, and who offered him the command of their body, he took leave of his family and turned back. In the November following, he took part in the bloody action known as St. Clair's Defeat, "where he fell," says his chronicler, "in a brave attempt to repel the enemy with the bayonet, and thus closed a career as honorable as it was unrewarded."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ *All the back numbers of the* Ledger, *from June 7th*, 1856, *up to the present date, can be had at our office, in quantities or by the single copy.*

A New Hampshire Girl writes, "I am perfectly miserable, and want your advice. I was brought up in the country, and consequently, at the age of nineteen, I had seen but little of the world or of the people in it. At that age I married, at the earnest entreaties of my friends, a man I did not love. I thought I could learn to love him after marriage, but this I find to be impossible, and my whole life is embittered by the thought that I am forever bound to one whom I not only cannot love, but fear I soon shall not even respect. Can you help me in this dilemma? If you can and will, you will have the lasting gratitude of one who is now most miserable." Alas! no. We cannot help you, and publish your letter simply as a warning to parents and friends who would urge their children, or others dear to them, into loveless wedlock. You can only find consolation in the conscientious discharge of your duties, and for happiness you must look to the great Father of us all.

Ardent is about getting married, and wants us to tell him "how to go through the whole ceremony." Why, go through it like a man, to be sure. It makes no difference which side you stand on, though the bride *usually* stands at the left of the groom. Some parties learned in such matters contend that the bride should have the right side, but custom gives that position to the bridegroom. All you have to say will amount to but little, and you cannot easily make a mistake—and if you do, no matter; it will be speedily rectified; and you will be a husband just as soon, which is the main point.

Fnook.—This correspondent, who is probably a member of some debating club in which the characters of the illustrious personages mentioned below are soon to be discussed, requests us to "mention some *bad* traits in the character of the great Charlemagne," and also to inform him "of the *bad side* of Alfred the Great's character, and also of that of Frederic II. of Prussia." For the benefit of all such historical scavengers, we will state that we do not wish to soil our pen by assisting in their dirty work.

Union.—In a lyceum, the members of which are of all religious sects, and of all political parties, we think it would be injudicious to agitate religious or political questions, except it were done on some clearly defined, well understood, and mutually agreed upon basis—and even then it would be a dangerous experiment.

$75,000.—This is the sum which a correspondent says he is worth in his own right; that he is a partner in one of the largest and best dry-goods houses in this city; is well made and robustly healthy; loves a young lady to distraction, to whom he offered his heart, hand and fortune, and *she refused them all.* He says he can't understand her conduct, and seeks an explanation at our hands. The young lady must have refused him from one of two reasons: she either wanted to have the pleasure of being "asked over again," or she wished to get rid of the seventy-five-thousand-dollar-&c. gentleman; and he had better call on her and ask *which* she wanted.

Rondout.—A woman who is in the habit of sneering at mechanics simply because they *are* mechanics, would not be apt to make a good wife for a man who has to work for a living; so you had better let the "young lady" go, and look elsewhere for a partner for life.

J. L.—Pimples and blotches on the face are occasioned by impurities of the blood, and can be cured by frequent bathing and abstemious diet. We have no faith in the stuffs advertised to cure such diseases.

Hawk-Eye.—Do not elope. Get married boldly. You and your betrothed being both of age, nobody can lawfully interfere with you. Act above-board, and go-ahead.

Roderick.—Your resolution not to marry until you shall have accumulated enough to buy you a home is a wise one, and you would do well to adhere to it.

Stony Brook.—We cannot tell what success you or any other young man would meet with at the West, or at any other point of the compass. Your success will depend upon yourself, wherever you go. Industry, energy, integrity, and economy will win their way anywhere

Lisbon wishes to know, "in case a married man, sitting by his open window, sees a really beautiful young lady, whose step is light and pleasant to behold, pass the house, and declares her to be 'a beautiful creature' in the presence of his wife, if *that* is sufficient cause of offence for the latter to 'flare up,' and get angry and jealous, and disturb the peace and harmony of a once happy family circle?" Decidedly not, we should say. Every man and woman has a right innocently to admire beauty and grace, whether in animate or inanimate nature, in beast, bird, or human being.

A Young Lady, of Hackettstown, wants to know, in case a lady on going to a party, and entering the parlor, should find people there whom she considered "beneath" her, if she should at once retire, or stay till the party is over. She should do nothing to wound the feelings of the hostess or of the company. If any of those present are from any cause disagreeable to you, let it not be apparent; be as cheerful and agreeable as you can while you remain, and take the earliest opportunity to retire, in such a manner as will not lead your hostess to imagine that you have been annoyed.

Richard III.—By all means give up your idea of "going on the stage," and accept the offer of a situation in the banking house. Should you go strolling over the country with an itinerant theatrical company, you would ultimately become a characterless vagabond, and probably die in poverty. By entering the banking house, and faithfully discharging your duties, you will certainly gain an honorable livelihood, and stand a fair chance of acquiring honor and riches in abundance.

Index.—We suppose the reason that Smithson, though an Englishman, devoted so large a portion of his wealth to the founding of a scientific institution in this country, instead of in England, was that he believed more benefit would be derived from such an institution by the people of this country than by those of his native land, and also that the interests of science would be more actively and persistently nurtured here than elsewhere.

H. R. N.—*There is no "work on conversation" that will give you any practical assistance in the art.* You must seek the intercourse of cultivated and intelligent people, if you would become accomplished in conversation, and you must also become cultivated and intelligent yourself. The first requisite of conversation is that a man should have something to say.

A Country Reader.—The phrase, "knocked down in cases," as applied to goods, means that they were sold at auction by the *box* or case. In many parts of the country, such an expression as "a *case* of goods" is never heard, but, instead, "a *box* of goods" is always heard. In this city, "case" is used ten times in this manner where "box" is used once.

A Fifteen-year-old Albanian.—You are probably in that distressing state of mind known as "puppy love." All you will have to do to recover from it will be to live till you arrive at that age when common sense begins to assert its sway. By that time you will, undoubtedly, look upon your present preposterous passion either with rollicking derision or keen chagrin.

Hettie.—Tell your mother all about it, if you desire to go on with the engagement; if not, stop the correspondence at once, and break off the acquaintance. A girl of your age should not embark in such important affairs without the advice and consent of her parents. Such clandestine proceedings are always certain to occasion regret, if not misery.

An Englishman, of Toronto, wants to know whether the true Englishman of the present time is a descendant of the Saxon or the Norman. That depends upon circumstances. Some "true Englishmen" are of pure Saxon blood, others of direct Norman descent, and others of mixed Saxon and Norman lineage.

Georgian.—If you really love the young lady, there would be no impropriety in your communicating that fact to her in a letter, although you have never been introduced to her. It would not be apt to be disagreeable to any young lady to be told that she had inspired an honest heart with pure and fervent love.

Pharoh.—The girl is evidently insincere and unprincipled, and you are foolish and infatuated. How can you put any trust in her when she tells you she is engaged to another, whom she is constantly deceiving? If you are not very cautious you will get into some most unpleasant predicament. Your best course would be never to go near her again.

W. D.—The only way to overcome your bashfulness is to work it off by frequenting the society of ladies as much as possible. Nothing else will cure you—and after all, what mode of cure could be more agreeable?—and the beauty of it is, the more of the remedy you take, the better you will like it.

M. W. P.—Yes. We will take postage stamps for a few back numbers of the Ledger, and for odd change on subscriptions, but not for sums of a dollar or more. It is not *necessary* to register a letter containing money. The sender can register it or not, as he chooses.

Octavio.—Declare your intentions. That will bring matters to a focus. Girls are averse to taking hints on such delicate matters as those of love and marriage, wherein they are so apt to have erroneous and mortifying constructions put upon their conduct.

Hatty.—Habitual profanity in a man would be a sufficient reason for a woman's breaking off a marriage engagement with him; and she would be sustained in so doing by almost any, if not every, court in the Union, provided she did not know of the vile habit when she engaged herself to him.

Quandary.—Of course it would be proper for you to continue to pay your respects to the young lady, and to win her and marry her if you can. Never mind your rivals, but go ahead. The more competition the more honor in triumphing, and the less chagrin in being defeated.

Sally.—It is not only impolite but outrageous for a man to smoke in a sitting-room occupied by ladies and gentlemen to many of whom smoke is offensive. He should be dealt with in a summary manner.

Saint Louis.—Where parties but slightly acquainted meet in the street, the gentleman should wait for the lady to salute first; but when they are on intimate terms, this rule need not be rigidly adhered to.

F. H.—When writing to a lady, or to a gentleman, on matters on which they are less interested than yourself, it is not only proper but imperative that you enclose a stamp with which to pay the postage on a reply.

Eureka.—It would be quite proper to ask the young lady's father's permission to pay your addresses to her with a view to marriage, if it is your intention to marry her.

L., Providence.—We do not remember the lines you mention.

Black Hawk.—General Jackson was undoubtedly one of the greatest men the world has known, and one of the best men, too. It is said that when he was quite a poor man his note would pass current in Wall street, or wherever he was known, because he was so inflexibly honest, and so prompt in the fulfillment of his obligations. He hated dishonesty of all kinds, and would not tolerate any laxity among his officers in the payment of bills. A good story is told of him in this respect. While he was President, a clerk in one of the Federal offices in Washington was remiss in the payment of his board-bill, and at last his landlady, knowing Jackson's sentiments on such matters, appealed to him. He heard her story and then quietly said, "Get the man's note or duebill for the amount, and bring it to me." The landlady did so, the delinquent readily giving his note for sixty days; the President endorsed the note, and of course the bank at once discounted it. The clerk often sneeringly asked the poor woman what she had done with his note, and said he would like to pay sundry other bills in the same manner; but she wisely kept her own counsel. In due time the clerk received notice in the regular form from the bank, that his note for such an amount, etc., "*endorsed by Andrew Jackson,*" would be due and payable on such a day. The gay young man laughed no more, but hastened to raise the money to pay the note; and the day after that (for him) unusual event, he received notice that the Government of the United States no longer required his aid in its administration. The story of course at once spread over Washington, and from that time government clerks payed their bills promptly.

Godfrey puts the following case:—"Suppose a gentleman writes to a lady that he loves her and asks her to marry him, and she writes back and promises to marry him. He has never promised to marry her, but only asked her to marry him, and now he does not want to marry her as much as he did, the question is, could she sue him for breach of promise if he should marry somebody else?" Yes. And she could not only sue him, but would be pretty certain to get a heavy verdict against him, especially if he should be indiscreet enough to let his contemptible attempt at trickery be known. The miserable, false-hearted knave who writes or says to a lady that he loves her and asks her if she will marry him, and permits her to answer yes, and allows her to suppose that such answer is accepted as an engagement—he who does this thinking to *bind her* while he can at any time go free, will find himself greatly mistaken. Actions not only speak louder but oftentimes *bind stronger* than words. Such an act is in effect a promise, and would be so declared by any court, and any jury would lay the damages all the heavier for such a petty, sneaking attempt to impose upon an affectionate and confiding girl. We hope that no reader of the Ledger has done, or contemplates doing, such a despicable and cowardly thing.

A Public School Boy of Tarrytown sends a solution of the arithmetical problem published in the Ledger of February 27th. The problem is this: There is a piece of work which A can perform in twenty days, B in eighteen days, C in fourteen days, and D (who is a boy) in *thirty* days; in what time could they all complete the job by working together? The Tarrytown boy solves it by analysis, as follows:—If A can do the work in twenty days, in one day he can do one-twentieth of it. B can do one-eighteenth of it in one day, C one-fourteenth, and D one-thirtieth. By adding these fractions together we get 53-252 which is that portion of the work which in one day they could all perform together; and of course if it woutd take them one day to do that much of the work, it would take them 4 40-53 days to do it all. The Tarrytown boy is right. Many other young readers of the Ledger have also sent us correct solutions of the problem.

Duped.—We can't see how you were duped. Had you taken the precaution to search the records before ordering the sheriff to levy on the horse and carriage, you would have found that they were mortgaged. You are indebted for your trouble to your own negligence, and to nothing else. As the amount of the mortgage is so small, you can buy it up, issue a new execution, and have the debtor's interest in the horse and carriage levied upon and sold. Your lawyer will explain the details of this manœuver to you, and see that it is done right, if he understands his business. If he cannot do this, you should employ somebody that can, for by doing it you can secure your debt, as, according to your account, the mortgagee will sell out his claim for the face of it.

A.—The lady cannot marry again unless she gets a divorce or has very good reason to believe that her husband is dead, without subjecting herself to the liability of being punished for bigamy. She has received letters from him within three years, and of course knows in what part of India he was when he last wrote to her, and under such circumstances a second marriage would be rather a flagrant piece of conduct, and would be likely to subject the lady to much trouble and regret.

Pierce sends the following problem, the solution of which he thinks will puzzle the "smartest" of the readers of the Ledger. The problem is as follows:—Suppose, when the days are just twelve hours long in latitude 45 degrees North, a man starts from that parallel at six in the morning and travels *towards the sun* till six o'clock in the evening, in *what direction* will he have gone and how *far* will he have traveled? Send in your solutions.

S. B. R.—We do not care to dictate as to any man's course in regard to attending balls or places of amusement. Every one must decide such matters for himself. *If you honestly believe it would be sinful to indulge in such enjoyments, then you should abstain from such indulgence, but your neighbor must be allowed to exercise his own taste, judgment and* conscience in deciding the matter for himself and his family.

Anxiety.—You should at once tell your mother the whole story, and then follow her advice. It was a grave error that you committed in consenting to receive proposals from the "gentlemanly widower," and to favor him with interviews which were to be kept a secret from your mother. A daughter should have no secrets from her mother before marriage.

Massaroni—We have no recollection of ever having received your "original story," and in case it should hereafter come to hand, it will not even be read. As we have repeatedly published, we do not want, and will not, under any circumstances, take the trouble to examine, unsolicited contributions.

Nuisance.—Your remedy, when annoyed by nuisances in your neighborhood, is to appeal to the Mayor or Superintendent of Police. It will do no good, however, to go to them with a long story that you are not prepared to substantiate. Brief statements of facts susceptible of easy proof are what they will require.

Emma L. C.—Your handwriting is good enough for a copyist of law papers, and if you are skillful in deciphering illegible writing, you would be able to get along without difficulty. One great point in legal documents is to execute them without erasures or interlineations.

Dimmick and Goodwin.—You should have some experienced house-builder and mason examine your chimney. No one can tell what makes it smoke, or how to remedy the evil, without a personal examination on the spot.

Orion.—It would depend upon the particular circumstances of the case whether or not it would be proper for a lady meeting a gentleman at another lady's house to invite him to call upon her.

Trouble.—We do not blame you for objecting to your betrothed's allowing male friends too many familiarities. If she does not exhibit more delicacy hereafter, you would be justified in breaking off the engagement.

A Lady Teacher, Frederic.—We should be pleased to receive the receipt you mention, and are much obliged for your kind expressions of friendly regard and appreciation of the Ledger.

James M. Rae, Stanley Corners.—The gold-pencil prize concern that you mention is not to be relied upon. All these "gift enterprizes" are swindling concerns, and should be avoided.

B. E. W. S.—If you have sufficient energy, you can get along anywhere; if you have not, you can get along nowhere.

Huntly.—If you are not competent to make up your own mind about your private affairs, it would be useless for others to attempt to advise you.

Oakwood.—We do not advertise steam plows, or any other implements, in the Ledger, however cunningly the attempt to get us to do so may be made.

Beloit.—It would not be "beneath the dignity" of a young lady to canvass for a newspaper in order to earn a livelihood, or to do any other honest work for the same purpose.

Mark A. W.—The back numbers of the Ledger containing the story of "The Wild Knight; or, The Unknown Crusader," will cost you twenty cents.

Whaler.—You could probably get a berth on a whaling vessel in New York or Boston at almost any time, if your appearance should be satisfactory to the shippers.

Inquirer.—We do not give the address of Fanny Fern to inquirers. A letter addressed to her, in our care, will be certain to reach her in due season.

C. F. J.—We can furnish you with the back numbers of the Ledger containing the story of "The Mystic Bride; or, The Exiles of Manhattan." They will cost forty-four cents.

J. P. N.—We do not discuss theological questions in the Ledger. Your question should be sent to some publication devoted to the discussion and elucidation of such topics.

Joseph.—Yes. A *bi-monthly* meeting would be one that occurred once every two months; a *semi-monthly* meeting is one that takes place every half-month, or twice a month.

J., Waterville, Me.—The conduct of the person referred to is highly improper. You should insist on its immediate discontinuance.

C. H.—The best way to let the young lady know that you like her is to tell her frankly of it.

C. H. W.—We cannot furnish statistics on any subject for private or public debaters, or arguers.

Lexington.—The family name of Victoria is Guelf.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*